

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE.



THE KING'S CONVALESCENCE: THE QUEEN'S EVENING CRUISE.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A SKETCH BY F. T. JANE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT COWES.

Her Majesty the Queen, who devotedly nurses the King during the day-time, frequently goes for an evening sail in a steam-pinnace. She is accompanied by a Lady-in-Waiting and Commodore the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, captain of the royal yacht.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

The British Constitution is a fearsome thing. Nobody knows precisely what it means, or how to adapt it to a particular emergency. The *Court Circular*, recording Mr. Balfour's audience of the King, described him as Premier, and straightway some scandalised persons pointed out that no such title as Premier is known to the Constitution. I thought something painful would follow this, say the burning of the *Court Circular* by the common hangman; but no penalty of any kind has made its lapse from decorum an awful warning. The other day Lord Roberts stood up in the House of Peers and made a speech about the rustication of the Sandhurst cadets. This threw the Constitutional pedants into another fit. It was very wrong, they said, for the Commander-in-Chief to intervene publicly in an affair which solely concerned the Parliamentary representatives of the Army. One writer declared that we should next have the First Sea Lord of the Admiralty plunging into speech or print, instead of leaving this exercise to the official whose acquaintance with the nation's war-ships is wholly unprofessional. The Constitution fairly reels at such a terrible hypothesis. That the most competent naval man should give the country the benefit of his opinion! The audacity of the thing makes one giddy.

Lord Salisbury, who had a habit in public life of putting unpleasant truths in plain words, once remarked that the Constitution was not "a good fighting machine." We pat it on the back very often and say, "Good old Constitution!" meaning thereby that we are proud of it as a domestic pet, that it represents the accumulated wisdom by which we have managed to avoid those political revolutions so troublesome to some of our neighbours. But if a statesman desires to make some reform in the organisation of the Army and Navy, such as putting the Commander-in-Chief and the First Sea Lord into the Cabinet, up pops the Constitution for the express purpose of hindering him. The domestic pet abhors war, and cherishes the idea that if the fighting services are not kept under the absolute control of civilians, they will run amuck, and set up a military despotism. By denying to the military and naval authorities a direct responsibility to the nation, this system makes efficient preparation for national emergencies virtually impossible. An audacious writer in the *Quarterly Review* points out that if the professional heads of the Army and Navy were in the Cabinet, "questions of foreign policy or war, actual or possible," would be considered in all their bearings. But the Constitution would shriek at this as an insidious scheme of "militarism." Its dearest fiction is that peace is ensured by unreadiness for fighting; so it starves the Intelligence Departments of both services for fear that too much knowledge should make them warlike.

There was once a public man who objected to the organised anticipation of possible war on the ground that it would infect our foreign policy with the Jingo spirit. He took the poet's view: how oft the sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done! Organise a General Staff; think out campaigns; accept the principle that war is a science, and the common-sense that all the scientific advantage must not be left to a conceivable enemy. Do this, and you will stimulate your Foreign Minister to hector the world, and your professional soldiers to plan devastation. Worst of all, you will trample on the Constitution, which assumes that the civil power in our democracy will lose its supremacy unless it shut both eyes to the military necessities of the country. Are the people frightened by these bogies? Or do they believe that the defects in our military system disclosed in the Boer War were happily designed by inspired inadvertence to enable the organising genius of Lord Kitchener to triumph by patience and long-suffering? If that were the general conviction, it would be waste of time to inquire into the conduct of the war, or to press for the reform of military education; and the training of an officer might as well be denounced as a horrible contrivance for giving young men a taste for blood.

One puzzle of that long campaign in South Africa was the facility with which the enemy anticipated the movements of British troops. How did the information leak out? It was surmised at Pretoria that some officers must be indiscreet, and a notable plan was devised for detecting indiscretion. Women were employed to find out whether British officers were proof against feminine wiles. I have before me the truly amazing case of a distinguished man who was charged, on the evidence of a female spy, with having given away a cypher, revealed a countersign, and also the date for the departure of a convoy. This ingenious lady pretended that she wanted to send a parcel to an officer at a distant post, and asked when the convoy would start. The accused officer denied on oath that he disclosed the date; it was unknown to him or to his superiors. "The woman who was employed to entrap me," he says, "was

known to half or more of the officers in Pretoria, Generals, officers commanding columns, etc., and she was not only given the questions to put to certain officers, but also the answers, so that she could always swear that she obtained the information from her victim, and the accused were never confronted with their accuser." But so dubious was the credit of the lady that the first two charges in this case were withdrawn. If she was not believed in regard to the cypher and the countersign, why was she believed in regard to the convoy?

I can understand spying where officers are suspected of treachery. But what is the sense of sending a well-known agent to an officer with a forged letter from another officer who is alleged to need a parcel? I suppose the manifest childishness of this trick prompted the woman to invent the much more serious tale of the cypher and the countersign. When that was dismissed, what was the value of the other? Here is a man in a very responsible position, whose career is suddenly blasted by a charge which is beneath contempt, when really grave charges were admittedly fabricated? I do not know whether this unfortunate officer will get any redress. It looks as if he had been sacrificed to peevish irritation at a mischief which could not be tracked. In a long war some injustice is sure to be done; but a war which develops peevish irritation instead of vigilance teaches an imperfect lesson. If ever our military training should become really methodical, it may be thought worth while to have rational instruction in the employment of spies, and especially in the discretion of spying on one's brother-officers.

The German Professors are beginning to suggest that we should let bygones be bygones. One of them protests in a Munich journal against the mischief-making of the German Press. The Munich journal shows a blithe indifference to the fact that it is one of the worst offenders. Professor Mommsen has declared his adhesion to a movement in Berlin for cultivating friendly relations between Germany and England. He seems to be unconscious that no such movement can be worth much unless the movers are ready to do penance for the abominable libels that German opinion has heaped upon us for three years. It does not occur to Count Berchem, who reads the German Press a severe lecture, that when such a lecture was most needed the German official world remained silent. The German Government, which would never have allowed a single journal to attack Russia and the Czar, tacitly connived at the campaign of foul abuse against England and her Sovereign. We do not choose to forget this, let the Professors be ever so bland. When a man who has called you every infamous name comes to you with outstretched hand, saying, "Oh, you were all that, you know, but we won't say anything more about it," you do not weep on his neck.

Mr. Swinburne has been offering excellent sport to writers in quest of a cock-shy. His article on Dickens in the *Quarterly* is entirely without critical value; it insults everybody who differs from Mr. Swinburne; and it is written in a style which owes no obligation to taste or accuracy. But did Mr. Swinburne write it? Is the editor of the *Quarterly* the victim of an audacious hoax? I know one or two unscrupulous parodists quite capable of writing "Algernon Charles Swinburne" at the foot of an article which claims for Dickens the creative omnipotence of a deity, and condemns all who dispute this as "blatant boobies." Mr. Swinburne's prose has never been remarkable for delicacy and restraint; but surely even his passion for verbiage would shrink from this: "That unfragrant and insanitary waif of the rottenest refuse, the incomparable Rogue Riderhood, must always hold a chosen place amongst the choicest villains of our selectest acquaintance." What would happen to the schoolboy who should write an exercise in that style? Would there be tears or trophies? "The deliciously amphibious nature of the venomous human reptile" is Mr. Swinburne's reminder that Riderhood was a Thames waterman. Shakspere, had he dropped out of poetry and into the nineteenth century, might have created Mr. Jaggers and Mr. Wemmick. "Can as much be said for the creatures of any other man or god?"

But I suspect the parodist most in the allusions to "insular delicacy," to reverence for history and loyal principles. Mr. Swinburne informs M. Zola that "insular delicacy and prudery of relish and of sense may not be altogether a pitiable infirmity or a derisible defect." I recall certain poems and ballads of Mr. Swinburne's heyday, when he was not famous for prudery. And the fierce Jacobinism which used to revile crowned heads and extol regicides now rebukes Dickens for "a cheap-jack radicalism," which sees "nothing to revere or honour or love in history." But that is ascribed to some "inscrutable reason in the unjustifiable designs of a malevolent Providence." Perhaps it was the same malevolence that once caused Mr. Swinburne's Muse to shock our insular propriety. Certainly some parodist has been making game of him. I hope the culprit will be caught and dealt with according to his deserts.

## PARLIAMENT.

Considerable time was again devoted to the grievances of General Buller. Sir Edward Grey discussed them at great length, and was warmly supported by several members. In the course of his reply, Mr. Brodrick stated that, before sending to Sir George White the message which counselled surrender, Sir Redvers Buller had in his possession an exact statement as to the supplies in Ladysmith. Sir Edward Grey, on General Buller's behalf, denied this. A few days later Mr. Brodrick read the telegrams on the subject, and Sir Edward Grey then said that General Buller admitted the information to have been in his possession, but had "special reasons" at the time for not relying on it. The nature of these reasons was not described.

The Education Bill has made little progress. Mr. Balfour carried an amendment which, he said, represented the utmost concession the Government could make in regard to the management of Voluntary schools. There are to be six managers, four representing the denomination and two the local authority. In rural districts one of these two must be a parent of a child in the school. Mr. Balfour did not think that in any case the four denominational or "trust" managers would have among them more than one clergyman. By the Government plan, he contended, the clerical influence would be "diluted," but it was absolutely necessary to maintain the denominational character of the Voluntary school. With regard to secular education, the managers would be absolutely controlled by the local authority. This scheme was debated at great length, Opposition speakers describing it as no concession at all. Dr. Macnamara predicted that as the Voluntary schools had been put on the rates, full popular control would be eventually established.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "BETSY" REVIVED AT WYNDHAM'S.

Thanks mainly to the spirited acting of a strong male cast, the newest revival of "Betsy" has won favour at Wyndham's Theatre; but there is no denying that the fun of Sir Francis Burnand's celebrated comedy, or rather rough-and-tumble farce, seems now desperately stale and old-fashioned. Its main idea is good enough—that of a mother's darling, who is scarcely so innocent as he looks, and has rashly engaged himself to a saucy maid-servant; but, even with the full aid of innumerable doors, the author of "Betsy" gets into his complications nothing like the mechanical ingenuity and verve shown by our later farce-writers. Still, the unflagging exertions of Mr. Alfred Bishop as the cantankerous elderly father, of Mr. A. S. Matthews and Mr. Kenneth Douglas as the limp hero and his rollicking friend, and especially of Mr. James Welch, who resumes his quaint impersonation of the complacent, ill-treated tutor, deserve recognition and furnish amusement; while Miss Kitty Loftus, though she lacks the comic breadth of style that in Betsy's rôle is surely requisite, proves, with her kittenish ways, a very arch and sprightly heroine.

## "LES DEUX ECOLES," AT THE GARRICK.

In "Les Deux Ecoles," the second comedy of M. Capus's which Mdlle. Jeanne Granier has produced during her brief Garrick season, the characters must be regarded as fantastic persons, whose actions are unrelated to any code of conventional ethics. Then their little weaknesses and their droll *aperçus* can be enjoyed no less than the delicious art and the cynical humour of the author. A thesis is to be found underlying this immensely diverting play, that which declares that nowadays there are only two sorts of husbands—the young, charming, and unfaithful; the old, priggish, and exacting; and the story shows how a wife chose one of the faithless type, divorced him, engaged herself to a sober-sided, found him as weak as he was tiresome, and so returned to her old love. But the charm of "Les Deux Ecoles" lies wholly in the audacious piquancy of the treatment and the unexpected yet natural turns of its delightful dialogue; not to mention the perfect *ensemble* furnished by its chief interpreters, Madame Lavallière, M. Brasseur, M. Numes, M. Guy, and, of course, that sincere comédienne, Mdlle. Granier.

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## GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

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From LONDON (KING'S CROSS) EACH WEEK-DAY.

WEEK-DAYS.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
London (King's Cross) dep.	5 15	7 15	8 45	9 45	10 10	10 20	10 35	10 55	11 25	11 30	12 30
Sheringham arr.	10 11	1 10	—	—	—	2 22	—	—	—	—	—
Cromer (Beach) ..	10 20	2 25	—	—	2 40	—	—	—	—	—	—
Mundesley-on-Sea ..	11 2	2 47	—	—	3 11	—	—	—	—	—	—
Skegness ..	9 29	11 20	1 15	—	1 43	—	—	—	—	—	4 18
Ilkley ..	10 22	12 38	2 3	—	3 46	—	—	—	—	—	—
Harrogate ..	10 48	1 0	2 22	2 37	4 19	—	3 28	Sp1 Scarp.	Scarp.	Worlby Ex.	—
Scarborough ..	11 15	—	2H45	3 5	4 5	—	—	4 40	5 32	6 0	—
Whitby ..	12 19	—	3 44	4 20	—	—	—	5 30	5 45	6 25	—
Fly ..	11 37	—	3H10	3 52	5 0	4 38	—	—	5 30	6 10	—
Bridlington ..	12 36	—	2 54	3 12	4 20	5 39	4 8	—	5 0	7 21	—
Redcar ..	12 13	—	3 56	—	—	—	5 20	—	—	—	—
Saltburn ..	12 28	—	4 12	—	—	5 30	—	—	—	—	—
Seaton Carew ..	12 17	—	3 56	—	—	5 29	—	7 42	—	—	—

WEEK-DAYS.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	
London (King's Cross) ..	1 30	1 40	2 02	2 3	3 25	4 15	5 45	6 15	10 30	10 45	11 30	12 45
Sheringham arr. ..	6 13	5 43	7 3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Cromer (Beach) ..	6 25	5 50	—	7 15	—	—	9 145	—	—	—	—	—
Mundesley-on-Sea ..	6 37	5 50	—	8 37	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Skegness ..	6 8	5G30	—	—	—	7 25	45	—	8C47	—	—	—
Ilkley ..	6 25	5 45	7 35	8 54	8 59	11 11	—	8C47	—	—	—	—
Harrogate ..	6 25	5 45	7 35	8 54	7 57	10 57	12 25	5C50	—	8K20	—	—
Scarborough ..	7 31	7N55	8 30	9 47	—	11 35	—	—	5 35	6 20	—	—
Whitby ..	7 31	7N55	8 30	9 47	10 06	—	—	—	—	6A42	—	—
Fly ..	7 31	7N55	8 30	9 47	10 2	—	—	—	—	7A19	—	—
Bridlington ..	6 55	7 31	8 30	9 47	9 15	10 44	11 38	—	—	6A37	—	—
Redcar ..	—	7 31	8 30	9 47	9 36	—	—	—	—	6A52	—	—
Saltburn ..	—	7 31	8 30	9 47	9 51	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Seaton Carew ..	—	7 31	8 30	9 47	9 58	—	12 14	—	—	7A35	—	—

Through Carriages to Sheringham and Cromer by these trains. Through Carriages to Harrogate by these trains. Monday and Fridays only. A On Sunday mornings arrives Fly 11.34, Teignmouth 12, Teign 7.55, Saltburn 8.12, and Seaton Carew 9.45. B First Class Third Class Luncheon Car Express. C On Sunday Mornings is due Ilkley at 11.30, Harrogate 8.15, D First and Third Class Corridor Dining Car Express. E Third Class Luncheon Car Express. Will not be run on Mondays or Wednesdays, and will not run after Aug. 16. G Saturdays only. K Not on Sunday Mornings. N From Aug. 1 to Sept. 13.

For further particulars see the Company's Time Tables, &c., at Stations and Town Offices.

July 1902.

O. BURY, General Manager.

## GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

## AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

THE CHEAP WEEK-END TICKETS, usually issued each Friday and Saturday, will be issued on Friday, Aug. 1, or Saturday, Aug. 2, available for return on Sunday, Aug. 3, Monday, Aug. 4, Tuesday, Aug. 5, or Wednesday, Aug. 6, with the exception that tickets to Caister-on-Sea, West Runton, Cromer, Mablethorpe, Mundesley-on-Sea, Weybourne, Sheringham, Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, Woodhall Spa, and Yarmouth, are available for return on day of issue or on any day up to Wednesday, Aug. 6, inclusive (if train service admits).

## CHEAP EXCURSIONS FROM LONDON (KING'S CROSS), SUBURBAN STATIONS, &amp;c.

On Wednesday, July 30, and each Wednesday until Sept. 17, for 8 days, to SHERINGHAM, CROMER (Beach), MUNDELEY-ON-SEA, YARMOUTH (Beach), SKEGNESS, SUTTON-ON-SEA, and MABLETHORPE.

On Friday, Aug. 1, for 5, 11, or 16 days, to NORTHLAURTON, DARLINGTON, RICHMOND, DURHAM, NEWCASTLE, ALNWICK, BERWICK, EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, OBAN, PERTH, DUNDEE, ABERDEEN, INVERNESS, and other stations in Scotland; also for 3, 6, or 8 days to PETERBOROUGH, GRANTHAM, NOTTINGHAM, NEWARK, RETFORD, SHEFFIELD, MANCHESTER, WARRINGTON, LIVERPOOL, DONCASTER, WAKEFIELD, LEEDS, BRADFORD, HALIFAX, &c.

On Saturday, Aug. 2, for 3, 6, or 8 days, to PRINCIPAL STATIONS IN NORFOLK, LINCOLNSHIRE, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, STAFFORDSHIRE, LANCASHIRE, YORKSHIRE, NORTH EASTERN DISTRICT, &c.; also for 1, 3 or 4 days to SKEGNESS, SUTTON-ON-SEA, MABLETHORPE, GRIMSBY, NEW CLEE, CLEETHORPES, BRIDLINGTON, FILEY, SCARBOROUGH, ROBIN HOOD'S BAY, WHITBY, SALTBURN, REDCAR, APPLEGATE, KESWICK, PENRITH, TYNEMOUTH, WHITLEY BAY, CULLERCOATS, LIVERPOOL, SOUTHPORT, and DOUGLAS (Isle of Man).

On Saturday, Aug. 2, or 3 days, to GRANTHAM and NOTTINGHAM, also for 1 day to ST. ALBANS, HERTFORD, WHEATHAMPTON, HARPENDEN, LUTON, DUNSTABLE, HITCHIN, BALDOCK, ROYSTON, CAMBRIDGE, BIGGELESWAITE, SANDY, TEMPSFORD, ST. NEOTS, HUNTINGDON, PETERBOROUGH, SKEGNESS, SUTTON-ON-SEA, and MABLETHORPE.

On Tuesday, Aug. 5, for 1 day to SKEGNESS.

For fares and full particulars see bills, to be obtained at the Company's stations and town offices.

OLIVER BURY, General Manager.

## MIDLAND RAILWAY.

## AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS FROM ST. PANCRAS AND CITY STATIONS.

## SCOTLAND.

Friday, Aug. 1, to EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, and ALL PARTS OF SCOTLAND, for 5, 11, or 16 days.

## PROVINCIAL TOWNS AND SEASIDE.

Saturday, Aug. 2, to principal towns in the MIDLAND COUNTIES, the PEAK DISTRICT OF DERBYSHIRE, THE ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT, YORKSHIRE WATERING PLACES, and the SEASIDE RESORTS on the LANCASHIRE and NORTH-EAST COASTS, for various periods up to 7 days.

## LOCAL EXCURSIONS.

Monday, Aug. 4, to SOUTHERN-ON-SEA, ST. ALBANS, HARPENDEN, LUTON, BEDFORD, KETTERING, BIRMINGHAM, LEICESTER, LOUGHBOROUGH, and NOTTINGHAM.

## SEASON EXCURSIONS.

Fortnightly Excursions have been arranged to SCOTLAND, IRELAND, and the NORTH OF ENGLAND; also Weekly Excursions to GLASGOW, EDINBURGH, HELENSBURGH, THE ISLE OF MAN, PEAK DISTRICT OF DERBYSHIRE, THE LAKE DISTRICT, and THE LANCASHIRE and NORTH EAST COASTS.

## WEEK-END TRIPS.

The Week-End Tickets issued on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1 and 2, from LONDON (ST. PANCRAS) and other Midland Stations to the PRINCIPAL SEASIDE and INLAND RESORTS will be available for return up to Aug. 6.

## APPLY FOR PROGRAMMES

containing complete particulars of these arrangements to the District Superintendent, ST. PANCRAS Station; at the MIDLAND Stations and City Booking Offices; or at any of Messrs. Cook and Son's Agencies.

JOHN MATHIESON, General Manager.

## SOUTH EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.

## AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.

SPECIAL EXCURSIONS to PARIS, via FOLKESTONE and BOULOGNE, and DOVER and CALAIS, on Thursday, July 31, Friday, Aug. 1, and Saturday, Aug. 2, leaving Charing Cross at 2.20 and 9 p.m., and Cannon Street at 9.55 p.m.; also from CHARING CROSS, via FOLKESTONE and BOULOGNE, at 10.0 a.m. on Aug. 2. Returning from Paris at 3 p.m., via BOULOGNE, or at 9 p.m., via CALAIS, any day within 14 days.

CHEAP TICKETS, available for certain specified periods, will be issued to BOULOGNE, BRUSSELS, CALAIS, OSTEND, AMSTERDAM, THE HAGUE, &c., during the Holidays.

CHEAP RETURN TICKETS to TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, BEXHILL-ON-SEA, CANTERBURY, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON, WESTGATE, MARGATE, BROADSTAIRS, RAMSGATE, SANDWICH, DEAL, WALMER, DOVER, FOLKESTONE, SHORNTHORPE, HYTHE, SANDGATE, and NEW ROMNEY (LITTLESTONE-ON-SEA) will be issued from LONDON by certain Trains on Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1. and 2, available to return on Wednesday, Aug. 6.

CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS on BANK HOLIDAY from the principal LONDON STATIONS to ASHFORD, CANTERBURY, DEAL, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, GRAVESEND, HASTINGS, BEXHILL-ON-SEA, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON, RAMSGATE, BROADSTAIRS, MARGATE, HYTHE, SANDGATE, FOLKESTONE, DOVER, &c.

CHEAP DAY EXCURSION to ALDERSHOT on BANK HOLIDAY, leaving CHARING CROSS at 6.30 a.m. and 9.24 a.m.

Also CHEAP AFTERNOON EXCURSION to WHITSTABLE and HERNE BAY on SUNDAY, AUGUST 3, leaving VICTORIA and HOLBORN at 2.55 p.m. and CHARING CROSS at 2.00 p.m.

CRYSTAL PALACE (HIGH LEVEL) on BANK HOLIDAY. Return Fare from London, including admission, 1s. 6d., Third Class.

For full particulars of the above Excursions, Extension of Time for certain Return Tickets, Alterations in Train Services, &c., see Special Holiday Programme and Bills.

VINCENT W. HILL, General Manager.

## LONDON AND SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

## AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.

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CHEAP EXCURSIONS will run from WATERLOO (with Bookings from Suburban Stations in connection), as under—

## ON SUNDAYS. (\*)

To ALDERSHOT, Farnham, Petersfield, PORTSMOUTH, Isle of Wight, SOUTHAMPTON WEST, Lyndhurst Road, Brockenhurst (for New Forest), Christchurch, and BOURNEMOUTH CENTRAL for the day.

## ON MONDAYS. (\*)

To WINCHESTER, Gosport, Romsey, ISLE OF WIGHT, &c., for 8 or 15 days, and to Wimborne, Wareham, Corfe Castle, SWANAGE, Dorchester, WEYMOUTH, Portland, &c., for 1, 5, 8, 12, or 15 days.

To ANDOVER, SALISBURY, Templecombe, YEOVIL, Crewkerne, CHARD, Axminster, SEATON, Honiton, SIDMOUTH, Budleigh Salterton, EXETER, Exmouth, BARNSTAPLE, Lynton, ILFRACOMBE, Bideford, Bude, BOLSWORTHY, LAUNCESTON, Wadebridge, BODMIN, NEW

THE YACHTING SEASON IN NORTHERN WATERS.

DRAWN BY EDWARD CUCUEL.



CRUISING IN THE BALTIC.

THE ARMIES OF THE WORLD: NO. III.—ITALY.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKOEK.



1. A BERSAGLIERI DETACHMENT IN THE MOUNTAINS.  
2. THE PIEDMONT CAVALRY REGIMENT.

3. INFANTRY SKIRMISHERS IN FIELD SERVICE KIT.  
4. A CORPORAL OF THE CARABINIERI REALI IN FULL DRESS.

5. A PRIVATE OF THE ENGINEERS, PARADE ORDER.  
6. A FIELD ARTILLERY OFFICER IN FULL DRESS.

7. AN OFFICER OF THE CUIRASSIER GUARD  
IN FULL DRESS.

*The Italian Army in 1898, on a peace footing, numbered 185,000. This in time of war would be raised to nearly 2,200,000.*

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## MR. BALFOUR AT FULHAM.

The new Prime Minister's first public address since his appointment was delivered on July 19 at Fulham when he opened the new South Fulham Conservative Club. After the doors of the building had been thrown open by Mrs. Hayes Fisher, Mr. Balfour expressed the hope that the club might throughout the lives of all who heard him be the centre of political influence through the whole of that district. The ceremony was followed by a mass meeting held in a marquee on the Peterborough Cricket Ground, and presided over by the Hon. W. F. D. Smith, M.P. Mr. Balfour at the outset of his speech remarked that when the meeting was arranged he had no idea of the special circumstances in which he would have to speak. The party had sustained a great loss in the retirement of Lord Salisbury, who had, at all events, the satisfaction of knowing that he had left the country at peace and enjoying the most friendly relations with foreign Powers. Mr. Balfour trusted that of the recriminations prevalent during the war we had heard the last, and that in South Africa we should see repeated those free institutions under which we and our fathers have lived so long. Our Colonial relations, too, were never so excellent as at present, a result due first to the personality and policy of the Colonial Secretary. On domestic questions the Prime Minister dwelt at considerable length, and he scored a neat oratorical point with the remark that certain gentlemen were anxious to deprive London of water lest the country should obtain education. He contended that the Government's Education Bill was the only possible solution of the difficulty. Why, Mr. Balfour asked, should he devote so much time to a Bill that does not apply to London? "It will," corrected a voice, and the speaker replying "Exactly," went on to show that the Metropolis is therefore deeply interested in the controversy. From Imperial London the Government looked for a large measure of support in days to come.

## LORD SALISBURY'S GARDEN-PARTY

For the first time for many years the guests at the Hatfield garden-party were not welcomed by a Prime Minister; but the circumstance is less significant than it might otherwise be from the fact that politics play no part in the gathering. Government and Opposition met on July 19 in the beautiful grounds as if party were not, and, if there were representation at all, it was Imperial and cosmopolitan. For India, in a purely personal and private character, stood Sir Pertab Singh and the Maharajas of Jaipur, Kuch Behar, and Bobbili. Africa sent the astute King Lewanika; and of Colonial Prime Ministers, Sir Edmund Barton, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and Sir Albert Hime responded in person to an invitation that, as far as Colonial chief statesmen were concerned, was general. Diplomacy, the Army, everything most distinctive and distinguished in our national life, found expression among the throng, and it was curiously indicative of those scientific pursuits for which Lord Salisbury has now an ampler leisure, to see the ex-Prime Minister holding long and friendly converse with Lord Kelvin. Lady Gwendolen Cecil did the honours of her father's house to a company numbering almost two thousand.

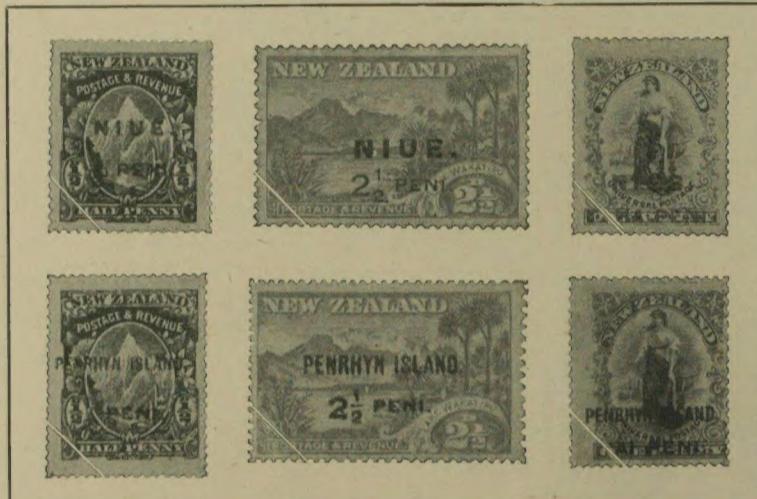
## THE LATEST GORDON STATUE.

Two years ago Lord Kitchener, whose sense of the picturesque in the world's great affairs has always a practical bearing, suggested that a replica of the late Mr. Onslow Ford's statue of General Gordon which stands in front of the Engineers' Barracks at Chatham should be set up at Khartoum, "to be an object-lesson, not only to natives, but to Europeans." The *Morning Post*, to which the suggestion was made through the Hon. George

Peel, took up the idea, and Lord Glenesk has applied to a successful issue the ample funds provided by the readers of that journal. The replica was duly cast in bronze, and by the courtesy of the Westminster Town Council, has been temporarily set up in St. Martin's Place, where on the afternoon of July 18 it was formally unveiled by the Duke of Cambridge. By a fortunate fall of events the originator of the project was enabled to be present at the ceremony. Within a space kept by the Grenadier and Irish Guards a distinguished company assembled. Lord Glenesk explained the object of the gathering, and the Duke, after unveiling the statue, gave some personal reminiscences of General Gordon. Colonel Clifford Probyn, Mayor of Westminster, accepted the temporary custody of the statue. Lord Kitchener, in a short speech, thanked Lord Glenesk and the readers of the *Morning Post* for their warm support of his idea.

## NIUE AND PENRHYN ISLAND STAMPS.

Niue and Penrhyn Island, annexed to New Zealand in 1900, have now a set of postage-stamps of their own.

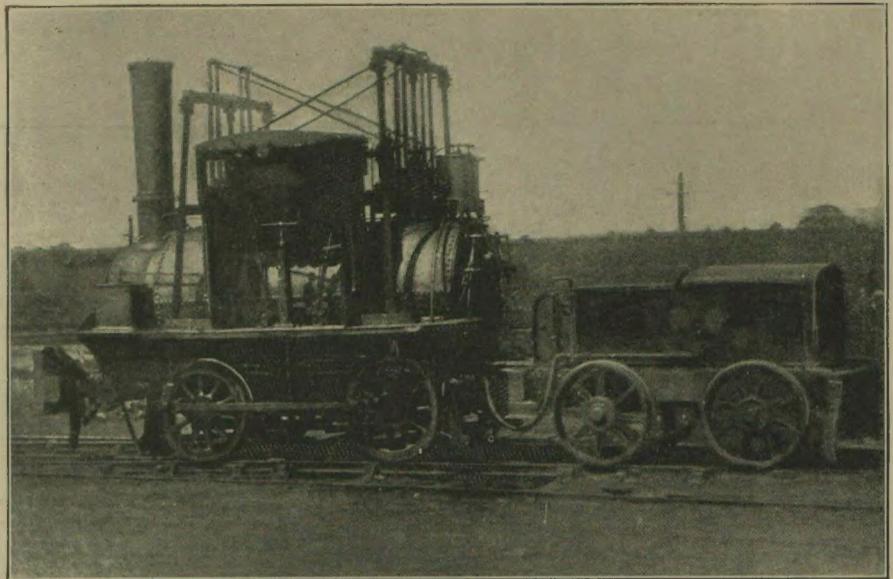


NEW ZEALAND STAMPS SURCHARGED FOR THE USE OF NIUE AND PENRHYN ISLAND.

In the case of each island, the values are 1d., 1d., and 2½d. They are formed by surcharging New Zealand stamps. The specimens published have been submitted to us by Ewen's Colonial Stamp Market, Limited, of Norwood.

## A CONTRAST IN LOCOMOTIVES.

The railway speed record has been broken on the little line between the suburbs of Berlin and Zossen by an electric car travelling at 110 miles an hour. The railroad in question, which is about sixteen miles in length, was constructed for military purposes by the Prussian Government, and was turned over, in the latter part of last year, to an association of electrical experts for the purpose of ascertaining the utmost speed that could be developed by the electric current. The first run was made at the rate of thirty-seven miles an hour, the next at sixty, and others



THE OLDEST EFFICIENT LOCOMOTIVE IN THE WORLD: AN ENGINE BUILT BY STEPHENSON IN 1822.

at from seventy-five to a hundred miles an hour. The car, the roof and sides of which taper in order that as little resistance to the air as possible may be offered, is divided into three compartments with seats fixed transversely. The current is conveyed through the elaborate trolley-bar, and through transformers to the motors, which are bolted upon the axles of the trucks beneath the car, and are each able to generate 250-horse power. Though they weigh four and a half tons each, these huge pieces of machinery move at the rate of 900 revolutions a minute when a car is going at full speed. In curious contrast is a locomotive built by George Stephenson for the opening of the Hetton Railway in 1822. This engine, after nearly eighty years' continuous service, is working at Hetton, and is now claimed as the oldest working locomotive in the world. It cannot be expected that much of Stephenson's original work remains in the engine, but its general design (excepting the cab, etc.) is as originally constructed. The directors of the Hetton Colliery now propose to withdraw it from work, and the relic will shortly find a permanent resting-place in the Durham College of Science.

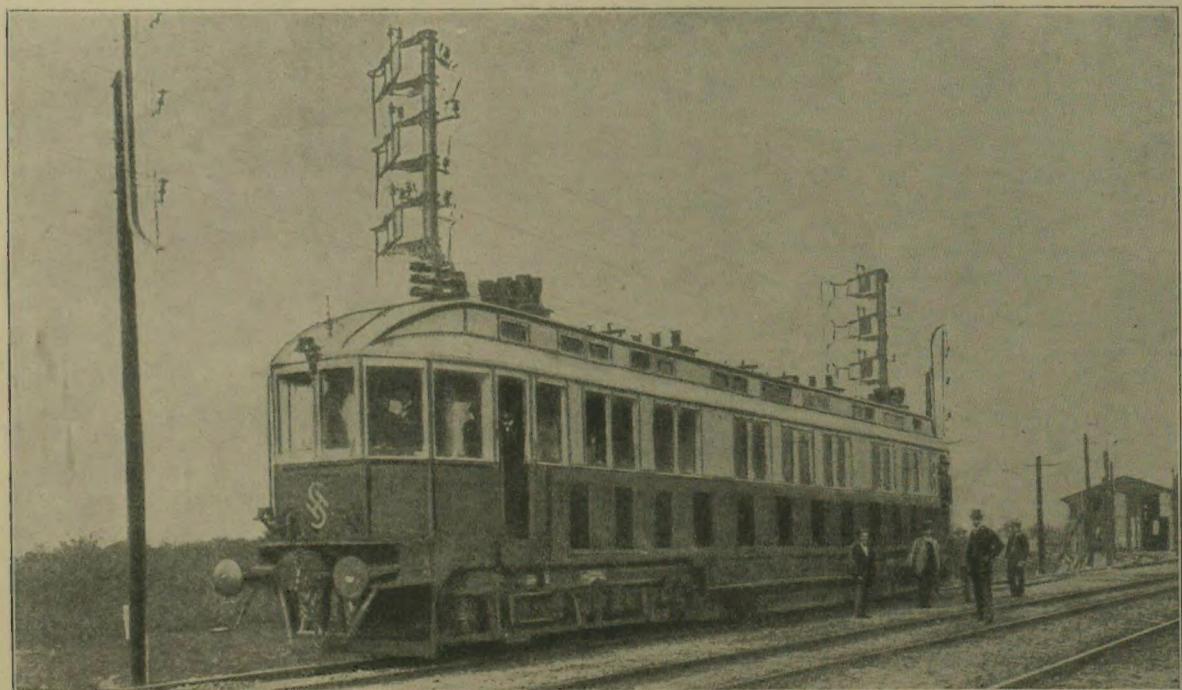
## THE BISLEY MEETING.

The Bisley Meeting, which began on July 14, opened under the best auspices, with a substantial increase in the number of entries, several new competitions, and many more Colonial and Indian visitors than usual. There was little change in the staff: Captain A. E.

Stephenson became Assistant Executive Officer, and the place of Major-General Lord Cheylesmore as Camp Commandant was filled for the first few days by Colonel Horace Ricardo, commanding the Grenadier Guards. The shooting was, as one has learnt to expect, exceedingly good, a number of "possibles" being credited to contestants in the numerous competitions. One of the most notable performances was that of S. S. M. Borain, of Natal, who, shooting in the "Golden Penny" at 800 yards, added fourteen bull's-eyes to his "possible" of 40, or eight bulls. The MacKinnon Competition was a most unfortunate fiasco. An idea seems to have prevailed that the time limit was to be seventy minutes for each range. This limit Scotland exceeded at 800 yards. Then at 900 yards the authorities suddenly enforced a time limit which left some of the teams with several shots unfired. Ireland's shooting at the latter distance was suddenly cut short, and Scotland and Natal were also in trouble. Eventually Australia came out top with 1328 and all their shots fired; Canada second with 1308 and a number of shots in hand; Rhodesia third with 1267; and England fourth with 1265. The first prize was awarded to the Australian team, but, in view of the deplorable muddle, the Australians, in the most sportsmanlike manner, volunteered to meet the same teams again at any date before July 28. The first stage of the King's Prize was shot off on July 22 in dull and cheerless weather. The light, however, was not altogether disadvantageous, as the fine scoring proved. Lance-Corporal Cole, 1st Dorset, won the Bronze Medal with the magnificent aggregate of 103, having scored the "possible" at 200 and 500 yards, while at 600 yards he lost only two points.

## THE ECLIPSE STAKES.

The fifteenth race for the Eclipse Stakes of £10,000 was run at Sandown Park in splendid summer weather on July 18, and resulted in a quite unexpected win for the Duke of Devonshire's Cheers, an "outsider," who had never before been successful in a race; though he had run seven times this and last season. The start was, on the whole, good, Floriform being the first to break the line, leading from Wabun, Rising Glass, and Cheers to the mile post. Rising Glass then took the lead, to give way to Wabun after six furlongs had been covered, and to come to the front again a quarter of a mile from the post, followed by Cheers. Eventually the latter won by a length. Colonel H. McCalmont's Rising Glass was second, and Sir J. B. Maple's Royal Lancer third. The winner was trained by Goodwin and ridden by D. Maher.



THE FASTEST LOCOMOTIVE IN THE WORLD: AN ELECTRIC CAR CAPABLE OF RUNNING 110 MILES AN HOUR.

## PERSONAL.

The King's visit to Cowes is reported to be benefiting his Majesty even more than the most sanguine had hoped. So substantial is the progress that the bulletins are now issued with less frequency. His Majesty spends a considerable portion of the day on deck, and if his progress continues will in calm weather take occasional trips to sea. The band of the Royal Marine Light Infantry plays every evening during dinner on the royal yacht. On July 19 the King of the Belgians, who arrived from Dover on board his yacht *Albert*, returned a visit of welcome made by the Prince of Wales on behalf of King Edward by going aboard the *Victoria and Albert*, where he was received by his Majesty, the audience lasting for an hour and a half.

Dr. A. R. Bankart, whose name now figures under those of Sir Frederick Treves and Sir Francis Laking on the bulletins issued from the royal yacht, is the naval surgeon attached to the *Victoria and Albert*, and holds the appointment, though only of five or six years' seniority, and in defiance of the fact that it should belong to a fleet-surgeon, by reason of the reputation he enjoys in royal circles. Dr. Bankart was first attached to the Admiral's yacht in the Mediterranean, and was serving on her when she received

orders to convey the late Duke of Coburg from Naples to Cairo. On the journey, the doctor cured the Duke of an ailment which had baffled many of the European specialists; and later, when accompanying him from Cairo, he advised an operation against which other medical men had warned the royal patient. The Duke allowed Dr. Bankart to act as he wished, with excellent results. This brought the doctor under the notice of Queen Victoria, who, in addition to thanking him personally, conferred upon him the Victorian Order.

Mr. J. W. Mackay, once known as the "Silver King," is dead. Silver is a depreciated metal, and the bimetallicists are not convincing, yet Mr. Mackay's fortune is said to have been doubled by judicious management in comparatively few years.

General Botha, whose estate is in the Vryheid district, objects very strongly to its incorporation with Natal, and is expected to make his home in the Transvaal colony. The Premier of Natal, commenting on this, points out that if General Botha were content to be a citizen of Natal, he would at once have all the advantages of representative government, which is for the present withheld from the Transvaal.

Mr. Charles Kegan Paul, whose death, at the age of seventy-four, occurred on July 19, was born in Somerset in 1828, and was educated at Eton and at Exeter College, Oxford. First devoting his time to the Church and the School as Curate of Great Tew when he was twenty-three, as master at Eton in 1853, and as Vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields in 1862, he came to London in 1874, became connected with the publishing business, and remained a publisher for the rest of his life. Mr. Kegan Paul had a wide experience of religious

thought, and from his first position as member and priest of the English Church, he became Agnostic, Positivist, and finally Roman Catholic. His published works include a translation of "Faust," a Life of Godwin, Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft, and Biographical Sketches.

A Nova Scotia bridegroom has brought his bride across the Atlantic for the honeymoon trip in a covered boat sixteen feet long.

The Canadian Arch, however popular with the sightseeing community, is out of favour with the police, who consider it an obstruction and wish it pulled down. The Canadian promoters, while admitting that they are entirely in the hands of the authorities, naturally enough think that demolition before the Coronation would be a pity, as they would not like to feel that while they decorated the arch for Lord Kitchener they had to pull it down for the King. Besides, by Aug. 9 it would scarcely be possible to remove it entirely, and an exhibition of gaunt and dismantled timbers would be anything but opportune. As he has suffered it so long, Sir Edward Bradford might just as well let it serve its original purpose, especially as the committee is spending another thousand pounds on the structure.

Professor John S. Panks, the new President of the Wesleyan Conference, is in the front rank of theologians and Biblical critics, and at the same time takes an active interest in social and industrial questions. He is a Yorkshireman by birth, but looks upon himself as belonging to Birmingham, in which city he received his training and entered into public life.

The new President is sixty-six years of age, and has been forty-six years in the active ministry. At the commencement of his career he offered himself for foreign work, and after training in the Theological College he was sent to India on the eve of the Mutiny. After nine years' strenuous and successful service there in native work he returned home on the death of his wife from cholera, and received an appointment to Plymouth. Later he served in Dewsbury, London, Manchester, and Glasgow. In 1880 he was called to fill the theological chair at Headingly College. A year later the Conference placed him in the Legal Hundred; and in 1888 he was made chairman of the Leeds district.

Baron Lambermont, the arbitrator appointed by the King of the Belgians, has settled the Waima case by requiring the French Government to pay £9000 to the families of the British troops killed by a detachment of French troops trespassing on British territory. It has taken nine years to obtain this satisfaction.

Seyyid Ali bin Hamoud, a youth of seventeen, the son of the late Hamoud bin Mahomed bin Said, has succeeded his father as Sultan of Zanzibar. Mr. Rogers, the Prime Minister, acting as Regent until he attains the age of twenty-one. The new Sultan was selected to succeed, after the rebellion at the accession of his father, in order that the Pretender Khaled might be excluded, and was brought to England to be educated at Harrow. His schooldays were uneventful, and, if report be true, marked by an entire lack of ambition. Ali bin Hamoud neither rising from the bottom of the school nor excelling in the playing-field, where his football is said to have been more ferocious than classical. He was chosen to represent the Protectorate at the Coronation, and took up his quarters in a West-End hotel as a guest of the King; but on the postponement of the ceremony and the news of his father's illness he was ordered to Zanzibar, where he is now due. In accordance with Oriental custom, Seyyid Ali is married to a Princess of the Royal House, eleven years of age.

It has been decided by the evidence before a Royal Commission that the London costermonger derives his name from costard, an old English term for apple. His ancestors sold costards in Shakespeare's time. It is a great tradition, and is likely to be religiously preserved.

Sir Henry Bouvier Paulet St. John-Mildmay, who died on July 16 within a few days of his completing his ninety-second year, was the son of the fourth Baronet by the eldest daughter of the Hon. Bartholomew Bouvier. He succeeded his father in 1848, and was formerly a Major of the 2nd Dragoon Guards, and honorary Colonel of the North Hants Yeomanry. He was also a Deputy-Lieutenant for Hants, and, in 1862, High Sheriff. In 1851 he married the Hon. Helena Shaw Lefevre, daughter of the first Lord Eversley. His son, Major Henry Paulet St. John-Mildmay, by whom he is succeeded, is a Major

in the 2nd Grenadier Guards, and saw service in the Egyptian War of 1882 and the Soudan Campaign of 1885. The first Baronet was descended on the father's side from William St. John, of the time of William the Conqueror.

Mr. Toole celebrated this week the jubilee of his first appearance on the London stage. He is a confirmed invalid, living at Brighton, where his old friend, Sir Henry Irving, helped him to celebrate the anniversary.

A Government inspector who visited many Boer farms in the Marico district of the Transvaal found the Boers extremely friendly, and greatly interested in the educational policy of the new Executive. They hoped that the Government would send better schoolmasters than Mr. Kruger used to provide. Mr. Kruger was not fond of education.

Lord Milner's arduous task as High Commissioner for South Africa and Governor of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony will, it is hoped, be considerably lightened by the appointment of Sir Arthur Lawley to be Lieutenant-Governor of the Transvaal. Sir Arthur, who has been Governor of Western Australia since last year, was formerly a Captain in the 10th Hussars, and was for four years private secretary to the Duke of Westminster. From 1898 till his appointment to Australia he was

Appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the Transvaal.

Administrator of Matabeleland. He was born on Nov. 12, 1860, the fourth son of the second Baron Wenlock, and in 1885 married a daughter of Sir Edward Cunard, Bart. His K.C.M.G. was given to him last year. Sir Arthur's power will be equal to that vested in the Lieutenant-Governor of the Orange River Colony. The position was created in deference to Lord Milner's express wish.

The Indian visitors will remain for the Coronation. As one of them picturesquely said, they dare not go back to India and tell their people that they have not seen the King. As they are in a sense our special guests, it seems a little hard that the Indian Exchequer should be made to bear the expense of their entertainment.

A pleasant anecdote comes from Cracow that a society of bald-headed gentlemen there invited the Archduke Charles Stephen to become their president. For this "insult" they were rebuked by the Public Prosecutor, who dissolved this society; but the Archduke revoked the penalty! Why bald-headed men should want to form a club is not clear. It would be more rational to send for Mr. George R. Sims and his famous recipe for making the hair grow.

Parliament has lost an interesting personality in William Johnston of Ballykilbeg, member for South Belfast, and an ardent Orange-man. Mr. Johnston, who was born in 1829, was elected to Parliament in 1868 as one of the two members for Belfast, and represented that city for ten years, when he was appointed Inspector of Fisheries. In 1885, a speech in the General Synod of the Church of Ireland caused his dismissal by Earl Spencer, the Lord Lieutenant. He was then for the second time elected to Parliament, representing South Belfast. His majority in 1886, when he was last opposed, was only just under four thousand. Mr. Johnston held numerous important offices in Irish Protestant organisations. He was thrice married, his third wife, the daughter of Sir John Hay, dying in 1900.

Mr. Whistler is lying ill in a hotel at the Hague. The Court doctors declare that his ailment is old age, and yet it seems incredible that Mr. Whistler can be old. Few men of his time have contributed so much to the gaiety of nations. It has been noted that in July 1860, another great painter was attended by two Court physicians. In that month Velasquez lay sick, and the doctors, Alva and Chavarri, were called in, and diagnosed the disorder as "syncope tertian fever."

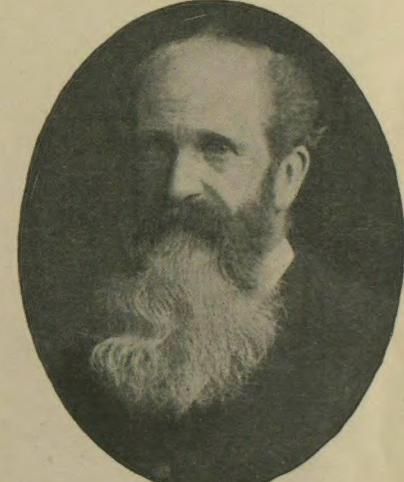
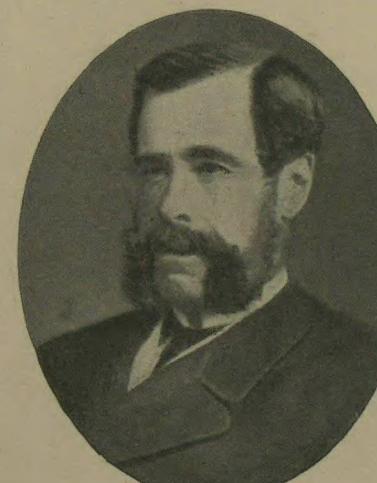
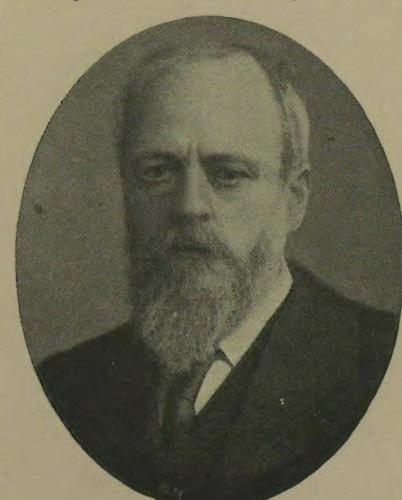
A large number of Boers have applied for enlistment in the South African Constabulary, and many others have been admitted on the recommendation of the Boer Generals among the National Scouts. This disposes of much exaggeration concerning the ill-will of the burghers who surrendered at the end of the war against those who surrendered earlier and fought on the British side.

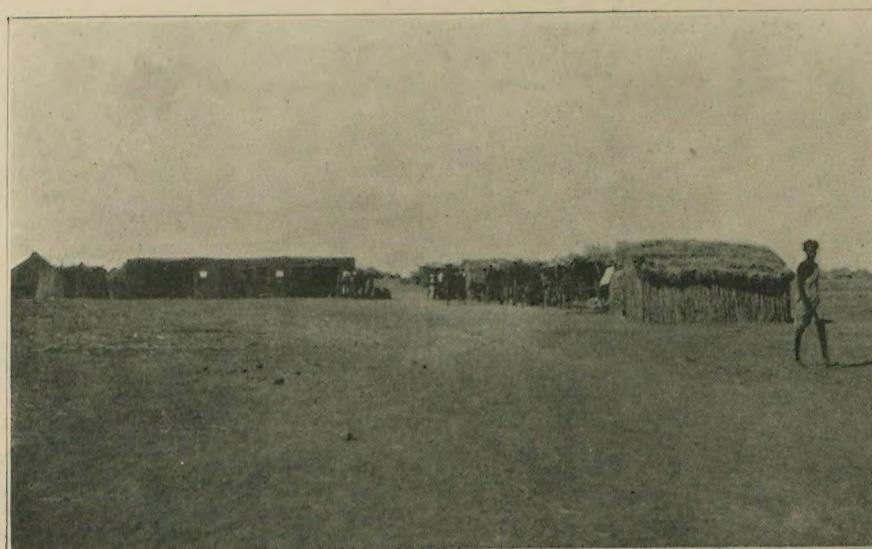


Photo. Taylor.

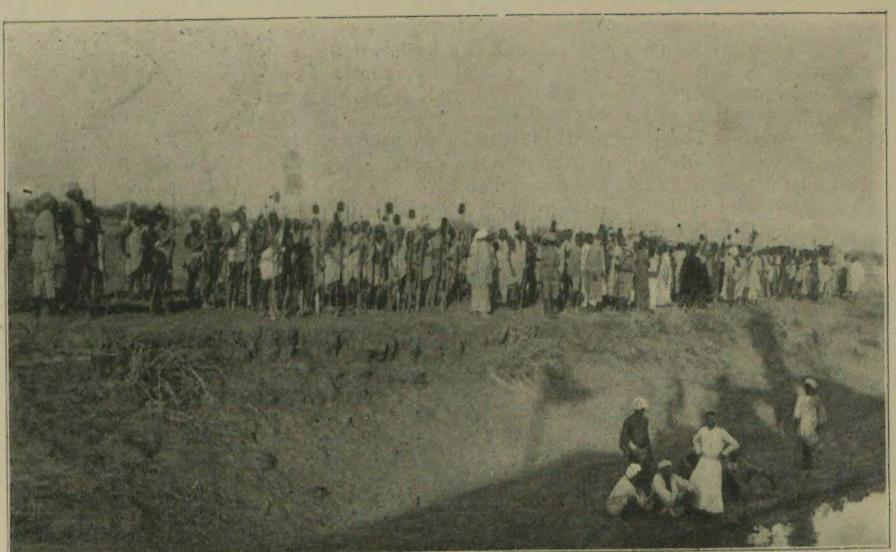
THE REV. JOHN SHAW BANKS,  
President of the Wesleyan Conference, 1902.Photo. Russell, Southsea.  
DR. A. R. BANKART,  
Surgeon of His Majesty's Yacht.

Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE HON. SIR ARTHUR LAWLEY,  
Appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the Transvaal.Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
SEYYID ALI BIN HAMOUD,  
The New Sultan of Zanzibar.Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE MR. C. KEGAN PAUL,  
Publisher.Photo. Maull and Fox.  
THE LATE SIR H. ST. JOHN-MILDWAY, B.A.,  
Formerly High Sheriff for Hants.



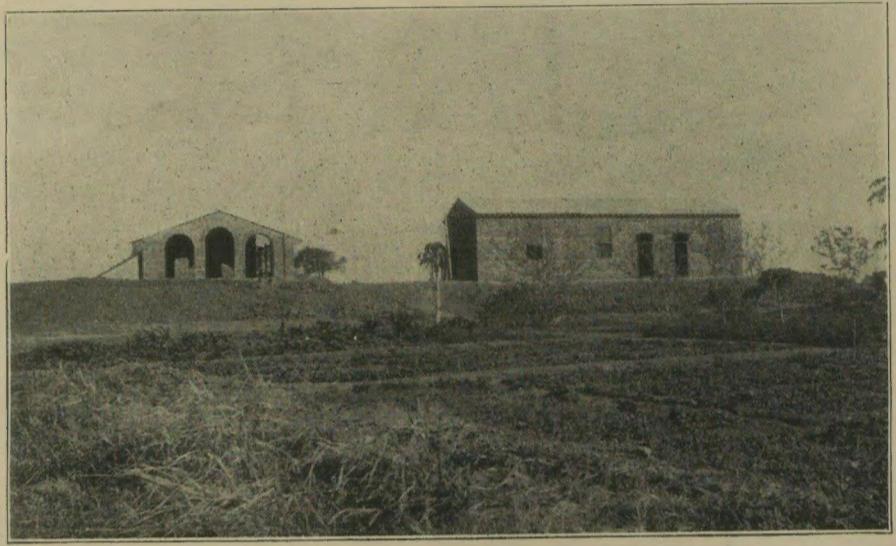
PART OF THE MARKET PLACE.



A REVIEW OF DINKAS BY THE SIRDAR AT KHOR-ADAR.



THE NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDING IN COURSE OF ERECTION AT FASHODA.

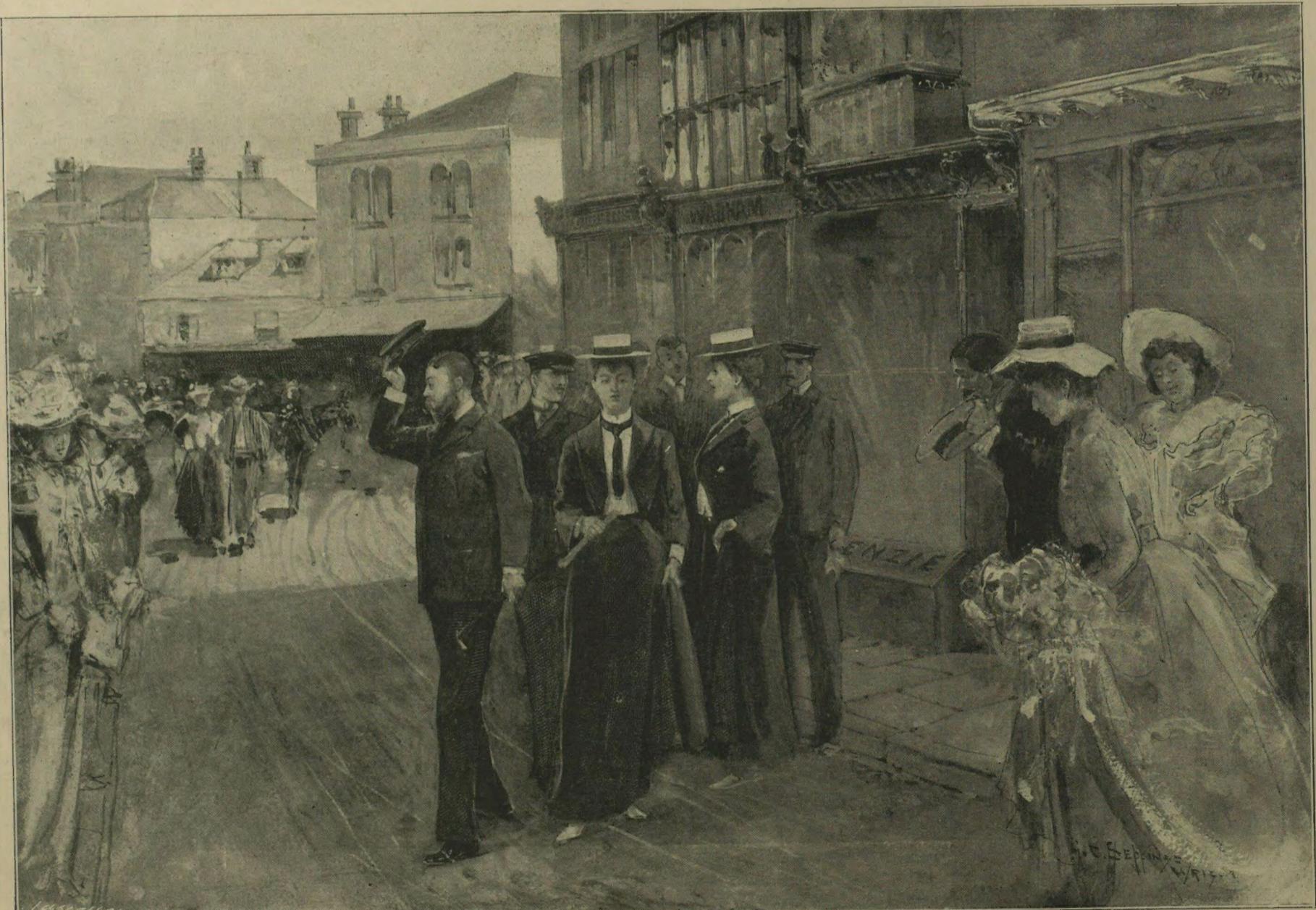


MARCHAND'S GARDEN.

FASHODA OF TO-DAY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. HERMAN BICKNELL.

*Fashoda consists of some Government offices and a few circular brick cells, straw-thatched, for the officers, a number of tents, and Marchand's famous garden, opposite which are the Shilluks' huts.*



THE PRINCE OF WALES, PRINCESS VICTORIA, PRINCESS MAUD, AND PRINCE CHARLES OF DENMARK SHOPPING AT COWES.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT FROM SKETCHES BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT COWES.

## C L E E V E C O U R T.

By "Q." \*

Illustrated by F. H. Townsend.

II.—(Continued.)

"Well, there was a sort of promise"—the boy flushed hotly—"not what you'd call a real promise. The fellow—a sort of prefect in a tricolour sash—had us up in a room before him and gabbed through some form of words that not one of us rightly understood. I heard afterwards some pretty stories of this gentleman. He had been a contractor to the late Republic, in horse-forage, and had swindled the Government (people said) to the tune of some millions of francs. Marengo finished him: he had been speculating against it on the sly, which lost his plunder and the most of his credit. On the remains of it he had managed to scrape into this prefecture. A nice sort of man to administer oaths!"

Father Halloran turned impatiently to the window, and leaning a hand on one of the stone mullions, gazed out upon the small garden. Daylight was failing, and the dusk out there on the few autumn flowers seemed one with the chill shadow touching his hopes and robbing them of colour. He shivered: and as with a small shiver men sometimes greet a deadly sickness, so Father

Halloran's shiver presaged the doom of a life's work. He had been Walter's tutor, and had built much on the boy: he had read warnings from time to time, and tried at once to obey them and persuade himself that they were not serious—that his anxiety magnified them. If honour could be inherited, it surely ran in Walter's blood; and in honour—the priest could assert with a good conscience—he had been instructed. And yet—

The lad had turned to his mother, and went on with a kind of sullen eagerness: "There were sixteen of us, including an English clergyman, his wife and two young children, and a young couple travelling on their honeymoon. It wasn't as if they had taken our word and let us go: they marched us off at once to special quarters—billeted us all in one house, over a greengrocer's shop, with a Government *concierge* below stairs to keep watch on our going and coming. A roll was called every night at eight—you see, there was no liberty about it. The whole thing was a fraud. Father Halloran may say what he likes, but there are two sides to a bargain; and

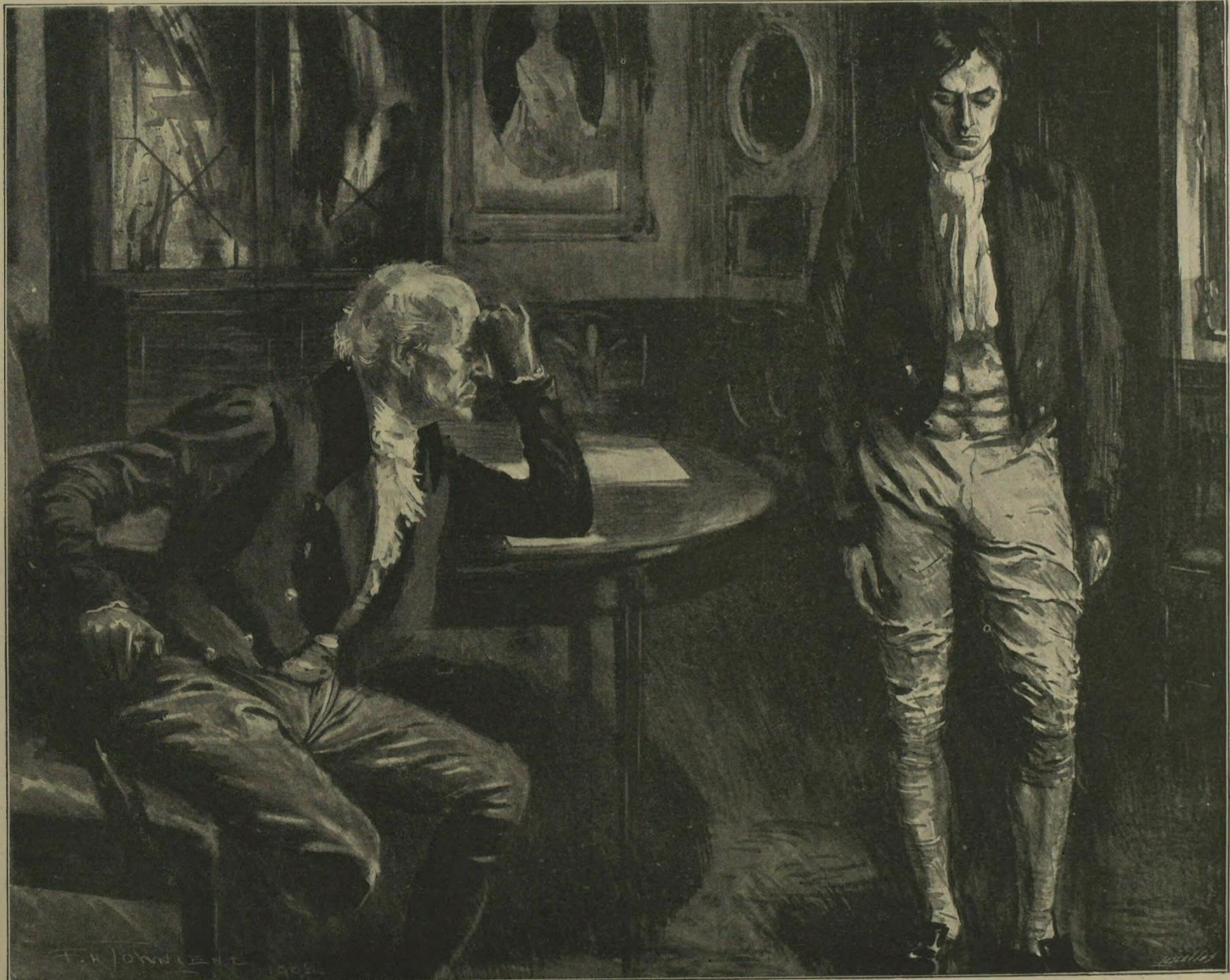
if one party breaks faith, what becomes of the other's promise?"

Mrs. à Cleeve cast a pitiful glance at Father Halloran's back. The priest neither answered nor turned.

"Besides, they stole my money. All that father sent passed through the prefect's hands and again through the *concierge's*; yes, and was handled by half a dozen other rascals, perhaps, before ever it reached me. They didn't even trouble themselves to hide the cheat. One week I might be lucky and pick up a whole louis; the next I'd be handed five francs and an odd sou or two, with a grin."

"And all the while your father was sending out your allowance as usual—twenty pounds to reach you on the first of every month—and Dickinson's agents in Paris sending back assurances that it would be transmitted and reach you as surely as if France and England were at peace!"

Father Halloran caught the note of anxious justification in Mrs. à Cleeve's voice, and knew that it was



"Your story, Sir, leaves me with but one course."

meant for him. He turned now with a half audible "Pish!" but controlled his features—superfluously, since he stood now with his back to the waning light.

"Have you seen him?" he asked abruptly.

"Seen whom?"

"Your father."

"I came around by the east door, meaning to surprise mother. I only arrived here two minutes before you knocked."

"For God's sake answer me 'yes' or 'no,' like a man!" thundered Father Halloran, suddenly giving vent to his anger: as suddenly checking it with a tight curb, he addressed Mrs. à Cleeve. "Your pardon!" said he.

The strong woman almost whimpered. She could not use upon her confessor the card of weak nerves she would have played at once and unhesitatingly upon her husband. "I think you are horribly unjust," she said. "God knows how I have looked forward to this moment: and you are spoiling all! One would say you are not glad to see our boy back!"

The priest ignored the querulous words. "You must see your father at once," he said gravely. "At once," he repeated, noting how Walter's eyes sought his mother's.

"Of course, if you think it wise—" she began.

"I cannot say if it be wise—in your meaning. It is his duty."

"We can go with him—"

"No."

"But we might help to explain?"

Father Halloran looked at her with pity. "I think we have done that too often," he answered; and to himself he added: "She is afraid of him. Upon my soul, I am half afraid of him myself."

"You will think he will understand?" she asked, clutching at comfort.

"It depends upon what you mean by 'understanding.' It is better that Walter should go: afterwards I will speak to him." The priest seemed to hesitate before adding, "He loves the boy. By the way, Walter, you might tell us first exactly how you escaped?"

"The greengrocer's wife helped me," said Walter sullenly. "She had taken a sort of fancy to me, and—she understood the injustice of it better than Father Halloran seems to. She agreed that there was no wrong in escaping. She had a friend at Yvignac, and it was agreed that I should walk out there early one morning and find a change of clothes ready. The master of the house earned his living by travelling the country with a small wagon of earthenware, and that night he carried me, hidden in the hay among his pitchers and flower-pots, as far as Lamballe. I meant to strike the coast westward, for the road to St. Malo would be searched at once as soon as the *concierge* reported us missing. From Lamballe I trudged through St. Brisac to Guingamp, hiding by day and walking by night, and at Guingamp called at the house of an onion-merchant, to whom I had been directed. At this season he works his business by hiring gangs of boys of all ages from fourteen to twenty, marching them down to Pampol or Morlaix, and shipping them up the coast to sell his onions along the Seine valley, or by another route southward from Étaples and Boulogne. I joined a party of six bound for Morlaix, and tramped all the way in these shoes with a dozen strings of onions slung on a stick across my shoulders. At Morlaix I shipped on a small trader, or so the skipper called it: he was bound, in fact, for Guernsey, and laden down to the bulwarks with kegs of brandy, and at St. Peter's Port he handed me over to the captain of a Cawsand boat, with whom he did business. I'm giving you just the outline, you understand. I have been through some rough adventures in the last two weeks"—the lad paused and shivered—"but I don't ask you to think of that. The Cawsand skipper sunk his cargo last night about a mile outside the Rame, and just before daybreak set me ashore in Cawsand village. I have been walking ever since."

Father Halloran stepped to the bell-rope.

"Shall I ring? The boy should drink a glass of wine, I think, and then go to his father without delay."

### III.

"So far as I understand your story, Sir, it leaves me with but one course. You will go at once to your room for the night, where a meal shall be sent to you. At eight o'clock to-morrow morning you will be ready to drive with me to Plymouth, where, doubtless, I shall discover, from the Officer Commanding, the promptest way of returning you to Dinan."

The Squire spoke slowly, resting his elbow on the library table and shading his eyes with his palm, under which, however, they looked out with fiery directness at Walter, standing upright before him.

The boy's face went white before his brain grasped the sentence. His first sense was of utter helplessness, almost of betrayal. From the day of his escape he had been conscious of a weak spot in his story. To himself he could justify his conduct throughout, and by dint of rehearsing over and over again the pro's and contra's, always as an advocate for the defence, had persuaded

himself at times that every sensible person must agree with him. What consideration, to begin with, could any of the English *détenu*s owe to Bonaparte, who, by seizing them, had broken the good faith between nations? Promises, again, are not unconditional; they hold so long as he to whom they are given abides by his counter-obligations, stated or implied. . . . Walter had a score of good arguments to satisfy himself. Nevertheless he had felt that they would need to be well presented to satisfy his father. He had counted on his mother's help and Father Halloran's. Why, for the first time in his life, had these two deserted him? Never in the same degree had he wanted their protection. His mind groped in a void. He felt horribly alone.

And yet, while he sought for reason against this sentence, he knew the real reason to be that he could not face it. He hated suffering: a world which demanded suffering of him was wholly detestable, irrational, monstrous: he desired no more to do with it. What had he done to be used so? He knew himself for a harmless fellow, wishing hurt to no man. Then why on earth could he not be let alone? He had never asked to be born: he had no wish to live at all, if living involved all this misery. It had been bad enough in Dinan before his escape: but to tread back that weary road in proclaimed dishonour, exposed to contemptuous eyes at every halting-place, and to take up the burden again plus the shame—it was unthinkable; and he came near to a hysterical laugh at the command. He felt as a horse might feel when spurred up to a fence which it cannot face and foresees it must refuse at the last moment.

"Return—return to Dinan?" he echoed, his white lips shaking on each word.

"Certainly you will return to Dinan. For God's sake—" The Squire checked himself, and his tenderness swelled suddenly above his scorn. He rose from the table, stepped to the boy, and laid a hand on his shoulder. "Walter," he said, "we have somehow managed to make a mess of it. You have behaved disreputably: and if the blame of it, starting from somewhere in the past, lies at your mother's door or mine, we must sorrowfully beg your pardon. The thing is done: it is reparable, but only through your suffering. You are the last à Cleeve, and with your faults we à Cleeves have lived cleanly and honourably. Be a man: take up this burden which I impose, and redeem your honour. For your mother's sake and mine I could ask it: but how can we separate ourselves from you? Look in my face. Are there no traces in it of these last two years? Boy, boy, you have not been the only one to suffer! If our suffering more could help you, would it not be given? But a man's honour lies ultimately in his own hands. Go, lad—endure what you must—and God support you with the thought that we are learning pride in you!"

"It will kill me!"

The lad blurted it out with a sob. His father's hand dropped from his shoulder.

"Are you incapable of understanding that it might be worse?" he asked coldly; and turned his back in despair.

Walter went out unsteadily, fumbling his way.

The Squire dined alone that night; and after dinner sat long alone before his library fire—how long he scarcely knew—but Narracott, the butler, had put up the bolts and retired, leaving only the staircase-lantern burning, when Father Halloran knocked at the library door and was bidden to enter.

"I wished to speak with you about Walter; to learn your decision," he explained.

"You have not seen him?"

"Not since he came to explain himself."

"He is in his room, I believe. He is to be ready at eight to-morrow to start with me for Plymouth."

"I looked for that decision," said the priest, after a moment's silence.

"Would you have suggested another?" The question came sharp and stern; but a moment later the Squire mollified it, turning to the priest and looking him straight in the eyes. "Excuse me; I am sure you would not."

"I thank you," was the answer. "No: since I have leave to say so, I think you have taken the only right course."

The two men still faced one another. Fate had made them antagonists in this house, and the antagonism had lasted over many years. But no petulant word had ever broken down the barrier of courtesy between them: each knew the other to be a gentleman.

"Father Halloran," said the Squire gravely, "I will confess to you that I have been tempted. If I could honestly have spared the lad—"

"I know," said the priest, and nodded while Mr. à Cleeve seemed to search for a word. "If any sacrifice of your own could stand for payment, you could have offered it, Sir."

"What I fear most is that it may kill his mother." The Squire said it musingly, but his voice held a question.

"She will suffer." The priest pondered his opinion as he gave it, and his words came irregularly by twos and threes. "It may be hard—for some while—to make her

see the—the necessity. Women fight for their own by instinct—right or wrong, they do not ask themselves. If you reason they will seize upon any sophistry to confute you—to persuade themselves. Doubtless the instinct comes from God; but to men, sometimes, it makes them seem quite unscrupulous."

"We have built much upon Walter. If our hopes have come down with a crash, we must rebuild, and build them better. I think that, for the future, we must consult one another and make allowances. The fact is, I am asking you—as it were—to make terms with me over the lad. 'A house divided,' you know . . . let us have an end of divisions. I am feeling terribly old to-night."

The priest met his gaze frankly, and had half extended his hand, when a sudden sound arrested him—a sound at which the eyes of both men widened with surprise and their lips were parted—the sharp report of a gun. Not until it shattered the silence of the woods around Cleeve Court could you have been aware how deep the silence had lain. Its echoes banged from side to side of the valley, and in the midst of their reverberation a second gun rang out.

"The mischief!" exclaimed the Squire. "That means poachers, or I'm a Dutchman. Macklin's in trouble. Will you come?" He stepped quickly to the door. "Where did you fix the sound? Somewhere up the valley, near the White Rock, eh?"

Father Halloran's face was white as a ghost's. "It—it was outside the house," he stammered.

"Outside? What the deuce—Of course it was outside!" He paused, and seemed to read the priest's thought. "Oh, for God's sake, man—!" Hurrying into the passage, and along it to the hall, he called up, "Walter! Walter!" from the foot of the staircase. "There, you see!" he muttered, as Walter's voice answered from above.

But almost on the instant a woman's voice took up the cry. "Walter! What has happened to Walter?" and as her son stepped out upon the landing Mrs. à Cleeve came tottering through the corridor leading to her rooms: came in disarray, a dressing-gown hastily caught about her, and a wisp of grey hair straggling across her shoulder. Catching sight of Walter, she almost fell into his arms.

"Thank God! Thank God you are safe!"

"But what on earth is the matter?" demanded Walter, scarcely yet aroused from the torpor of his private misery.

"Poachers, no doubt," his father answered. "Macklin has been warning me of this for some time. Take your mother back to her room. There is no cause for alarm, Lucetta—if the affair were serious, we should have heard more guns before this—you had best return to bed at once. When I learn what has happened, I will bring you word."

He strode away down the lower corridor; calling as he went to Narracott, the butler, to fetch a lantern and unbolt the hall-door, and entered the gun-room with Father Halloran at his heels.

"I cannot ask you to take a hand in this," he said, finding his favourite gun and noiselessly disengaging it from the rack, pitch dark though the room was.

"I may go so far as to carry a spare weapon for you, I hope?"

"Ah, you will go with me? Thank you: I shall be glad of someone to carry the lantern. We may have to do some scrambling: Narracott is infirm, and Roger"—this was the footman—"is a chicken-hearted fellow, I suspect."

The two men went back armed to the hall, where Father Halloran in silence took the lantern from the butler. Then they stepped out into the night.

Masses of cloud obscured the stars, and they went forward into a wall of darkness which the rays of the priest's lantern pierced for a few yards ahead. Here in the valley the night air lay stagnant: scarcely a leaf rustled: their ears caught no sound but that of the brook alongside which they mounted the coombe.

"Better set down the lantern and stand wide of it," said the Squire, as they reached the foot of the White Rock gully. "If they are armed, and mean business, we are only offering them a shot." He paused at the sound of a quick, light footstep behind him, not many paces away, and wheeled about. "Who's there?" he challenged in a low, firm voice.

"It's I, father." Walter, also with a gun under his arm, came forward and halted in the outer ring of light.

"H'm," the Squire muttered testily. "Better you were in bed, I should say. This may be a whole night's business, and you have a long journey before you to-morrow."

The boy's face was white: he seemed to shiver at his father's words, and Father Halloran, accustomed to read his face, saw, or thought he saw—a hunted, desperate look in it, as of one who forces himself into the company he most dreads rather than remain alone with his own thoughts. And yet, whenever he remembered this look, always he remembered too that the lad's jaw had closed

obstinately, as though upon a resolve long in making but made at last.

But as the three stood there a soft whistle sounded from the bushes across the gully, and Jim Burdon pushed a ghostly face into the penumbra.

"Is that you, Sir? Then we'll have them for sure."

"Who is it, Jim?"

"Hannaford and that long-legged boy of his. Macklin's up a-top keeping watch, Sir. I've winged one of 'em; can't be sure which. If you and his Reverence——"

Jim paused suddenly, with his eyes on the half-lit figure of Walter à Cleeve; recognising him not only as his young master, supposed to be in France, but as the stranger he had seen that afternoon talking with Hannaford. For Walter had changed only his sabots.

The Squire saw and interpreted his dismay. "Go on, man," he said hoarsely; "it's no ghost."

Jim's face cleared. "Your servant, Mr. Walter! A rum mistake I made then, this afternoon; but it's all right, as things turn out. They're both hereabout, Sir—somewheres on the face of the rock—and the one of 'em hurt, I reckon. Macklin'll keep the top: there's no way off the west side; and if you and his Reverence'll work up along the gully here while I try up the face, we'll have the pair for a certainty. Better douse the light, though; I've a bull's-eye here that'll search every foot of the way, and they haven't a gun."

"That's right enough," the Squire answered; "but it's foolishness to douse the light. We'll set it up on the stones here, at the mouth of the gully, while Walter and I work up to the left of the gully and you up the rock. It will light up their only bolt-hole; and if you, Father Halloran, will keep an eye on it from the bushes here, you will have light enough to see their faces to swear by, before they reach it. No need to shoot: only keep your eyes open before they come abreast of it: for they'll make for it at once, to kick it over, if they risk a bolt this way—which I doubt."

"Why not let me try up the gully between you and Jim?" Walter suggested.

His father considered a moment. "Very well, I'll flank you on the left, up the hedge; and Jim will take the rock. You're pretty sure they're there, Jim?"

"I'd put a year's wages on it," answered Jim.

So the three began their climb. At his post below, Father Halloran judged from the pace at which Walter started that he would soon lead the others; for Jim had a climb to negotiate which was none too easy by daylight, and the Squire must fetch a considerable *détour* before he struck the hedge, along which, moreover, he would be impeded by brambles and undergrowth. He saw this, but it was too late to call a warning.

Walter, beyond reach of the lantern's rays, ascended silently enough, but at a gathering pace. He forgot the necessity of keeping in line. It did not occur to him that his father must be dropping far behind: rather, his presence seemed beside him, inexorable, dogging him with the morrow's unthinkable compulsion. What mad adventure was this? Here he was, at home, hunting Charley Hannaford. Well, but his father was close at hand, and Father Halloran just below, who had always protected him. At this game he could go on for ever, if only it would stave off to-morrow. To-morrow——"

A couple of lithe arms went about him in the darkness. A voice spoke hoarse and quick in his ear—spoke, though for the moment he was chiefly aware of its hot breath.

"Broke your word, did ye? Set them on to us, you blasted young sprig! Look 'ee here—I've a knife to your ribs, and you can't use your gun. Stand still while my boy skims across, or I'll cut your white heart out. . . ."

Walter à Cleeve stood still. He felt, rather than heard, a figure limp by and steal across the gully. A slight sound of a little loose earth dribbling reached him a moment later from the opposite bank of the gully. Then, after a long pause, the arms about him relaxed. Charles Hannaford was gone.

Still Walter à Cleeve did not move. He stared up into



*He drew it meditatively through the trigger-guard of his gun.*

the wall of darkness on his left, wondering stupidly why his father did not shoot.

Then he put out his hand: it encountered a bramble bush.

He drew a long spray of the bramble towards him, fingering it very carefully, following the spines of its curved prickles, and having found its leafy end, drew it meditatively through the trigger-guard of his gun.

\* \* \* \* \*

The countryside scoffed at the finding of the coroner's jury that the last heir of the à Cleeves had met his death by misadventure. Shortly after the inquest Charley Hannaford disappeared with his family, and this lent colour to their gossip. But Jim Burdon, who had been the first to arrive on the scene, told his plain tale, and, for the rest, kept his counsel. And so did Father Halloran and the Squire.

THE END.

#### ART NOTES.

Very gratifying must the company he keeps in the South Kensington Museum be to M. Auguste Rodin. His statue of St. John the Baptist has lately taken its stand a very dramatic one—among many masterpieces in marble and plaster; and if its bulk has not dwarfed a John of Bologna, its shadow does at least reach a case of Michel Angelo studies. "Presented to the nation by a body of subscribers" is the legend on the base. Notwithstanding a feeling of gratitude to these donors, the lover of the nation's art collections must confess that he would have felt greater delight were no such legend required to explain this noble statue's presence at South Kensington. Had the authorities there been active to acquire, not merely passive to accept, classic work such as Rodin's, one would have been vastly reassured as to the spirit prompting the nation's art-purchasers, and have felt some reparation was being made to French art for the opportunities lightly lost in past years by the National Gallery of securing examples of Millet and Corot.

The Royal Academy might, one thinks, very well follow the example set in various particulars by the Paris Salons, old and new. The crying need of an increased responsibility in the hanging at Burlington House becomes more and more apparent every year; but critics are weary of recurring to a grievance which, it seems, nobody in authority has the public spirit to remedy. In one small and untroublesome detail, however, the Royal Academy might be willing to communicate with the public by an annual announcement of the number of visitors to the exhibition. The elder Salon has just published this season's takings at 328,000 francs. It would be interesting to compare against these the shillings of the Burlington House turnstiles; for the Academicians should be the last to complain if we contend that by this means might be formed some estimate of the comparative care for art in the two capitals.

At the galleries of Messrs. Obach and Co., New Bond Street, is an exhibition of the work of the two Princes Troubetzkoy. Prince Pierre, as most persons know, is a painter of no small accomplishment; but few are aware how distinct and definite a talent is that of Prince Paul, the sculptor. Eighteen of his surprisingly vivid, strong, and graceful bronzes are here. The work is somewhat of the school of M. Rodin; but Prince Paul Troubetzkoy studies under the inspiration of life itself. He has style, great intelligence, and a mastery of his material. In the groups is to be seen especially his perfectly dramatic action, and in the small model of a Dante monument, a high dignity of repose.

Great has been the relief experienced by lovers of Tintoretto to know that his great masterpiece, "Paradise," in the Ducal Palace at Venice has suffered nothing from the fall of the San Marco Campanile. Almost miraculous has been the slightness of the injury inflicted upon the priceless treasures of art congregated within a few feet, so to say, of the great mound of bricks which marks the place where that belfry, beloved of painters, once stood. Visitors to exhibitions may now literally recall the expressions of momentary impatience with which it was customary to greet the sight of yet another picture of that doomed pile of brick. Now these records will be of infinite use to the restorer; and not one of all the multitude of them is held by its possessor to be supernumerary.

## NEW GARDENS AT WINDSOR.

Princess Christian, accompanied by Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein and Major Ewan Martin, visited the royal borough on July 15 for the purpose of formally opening part of the riparian land originally named the "Goswells" as a public pleasure-ground, to be known, by the Queen's consent, as Alexandra Gardens. Her Royal Highness reached the grounds, where the Fire Brigade, under Chief Officer Dyson, and the Navy League and Church Lads were mounted as guards of honour, at about three o'clock, and was received at the east entrance by Mr. George Mitchell, the Mayor. A silver-gilt key, the handle ornamented with the Windsor arms and bearing a suitable inscription, was then handed to the Princess, who at once unlocked the gates, and was escorted to the dais, on which were assembled the Corporation, the Dean and the Vicar of Windsor, and others. Here a number of presentations were made to her Royal Highness. The new pleasure-grounds are within a short distance of the Castle, and opposite the Eton Brocas. Princess Christian and her daughter subsequently left for London. The people of Windsor have welcomed this further addition to their public amenities.



Photo, Russell.

THE ALEXANDRA GARDENS, WINDSOR: OPENED BY PRINCESS CHRISTIAN, JULY 15.

RUINS OF THE CAMPANILE.



## THE FALLEN CAMPANILE.

The fall of the Campanile of St. Mark's plunged the Venetian people in almost personal grief, for the tower has been the veritable friend of the citizens for a thousand years. After the first excitement, indignation awoke, and a strict inquiry has been ordered to determine who is responsible for the neglect that led to the destruction of a national treasure. At the junction of the Piazza di San Marco and the Piazzetta, covering an incredibly small space, considering the vast mass of masonry which crumbled to dust on July 14, lies the piled débris. The collapse was gradual and even graceful. A large piece of masonry first became detached, and fell upon the Loggetta of Sansovino. The historic structure then slowly and quietly fell to pieces, a dense cloud of dust completely hiding the Piazza. The heap of ruins, which covers the Sansovino Terrace, is about a hundred feet high. The upper part of the tower, containing the bells, is buried in the heap of rubbish. One corner of the Palazzo Reale, shown in our larger Illustration, was completely carried away, exposing the gallery to view; but the Doge's Palace and the Cathedral were fortunately uninjured. The beautiful Loggetta at the tower base perished utterly.



Photos, Alfieri and Lacroux.

THE FALLEN CAMPANILE OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE: THE DÉBRIS IN THE PIAZZA AND THE DAMAGED CORNER OF THE PALAZZO REALE.

THE KING'S CONVALESCENCE: THE NIGHT SCENE AT COWES.

DRAWN BY F. T. JANE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT COWES.

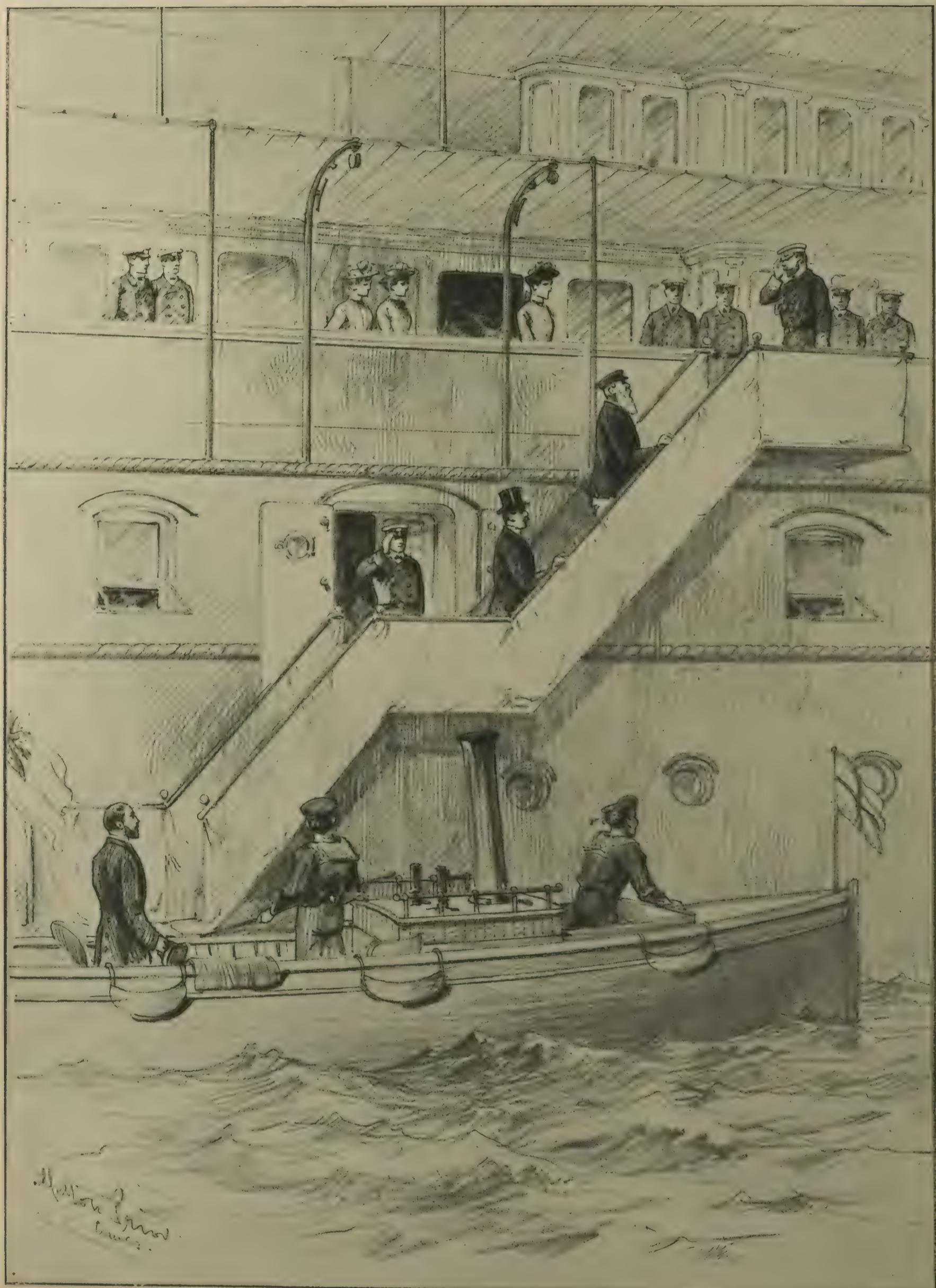


HIS MAJESTY'S GUARD.

From sunset to sunrise steam-launches patrol round the Royal Yacht to guard the King and keep off intruders. The King's apartments are in the lighted deckhouse, aft.

THE KING'S CONVALESCENCE: A ROYAL VISITOR AT COWES.

SKETCH (FACSIMILE) BY MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT COWES.



THE KING OF THE BELGIANS GOING ON BOARD THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" TO CALL ON KING EDWARD, JULY 20.

Early on Sunday morning the King of the Belgians arrived in his yacht at Cowes Roads. At half-past ten the Prince of Wales called upon his Majesty, and two hours later King Leopold paid a return visit to King Edward.

PRINCES AT THE TOWER: A HISTORICAL VISIT.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.



PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES, PRINCE GEORGE, AND PRINCESS VICTORIA VISITING THE TOWER, JULY 15.

Princes Edward and George of Wales, and Princess Victoria, accompanied by their tutor, recently paid a visit to the Tower. They were escorted by General M'Lean, Major of the Tower, and a Beefeater, while a single policeman kept a way clear. The royal children, particularly Prince Edward, showed great interest in the historical relics.



THE NEW PRIME MINISTER'S FIRST PUBLIC ADDRESS: MR. BALFOUR AT THE FULHAM MASS MEETING, JULY 19.

DRAWN BY R. M. PAXTON.

*Mr. Balfour, speaking at the opening of the new South Fulham Conservative Club, paid a tribute to Lord Salisbury, and also handsomely complimented Mr. Chamberlain. His speech dealt chiefly with the Education Bill.*



THE GORDON STATUE FOR KHARTOUM, TEMPORARILY ERECTED IN ST. MARTIN'S PLACE: THE UNVEILING BY THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.

*The replica of Mr. Onslow Ford's Chatham statue of General Gordon, suggested by Lord Kitchener for Khartoum and subscribed for by readers of the "Morning Post," was unveiled on July 18 by the Duke of Cambridge in presence of Lord Kitchener. Lord Glenesk formally handed over the statue to the temporary keeping of the Mayor of Westminster, Colonel Clifford Probyn.*

A NEW OPERA BY AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.



1. IOLANTHE PRONOUNCING HEINRICH'S DOOM.

2. SPIRITS OF THE WOOD.

SCENES FROM "DER WALD," PRODUCED AT COVENT GARDEN ON JULY 18.

The opera, written and composed by Miss E. M. Smyth, symbolises the transience of human passion as contrasted with the quiet endurance of nature. The work opens and closes with a vision of forest nymphs sacrificing to Pan, and across the dream is flung a fierce, brief drama of human love and hate.

SIR WHITTEM HARCOURT.

LORD CASSI.

LADY GWENDOLEN CECIL, THE HOSTESS.

LORD GRANBORN.

MAHARAJA OF JAIPUR.

PRIME MINISTER OF UGANDA.

CHINESE AMBASSADOR.

SIR PERTAB SINGH.



LORD SALISBURY'S GARDEN-PARTY, JULY 19: THE EX-PRIME MINISTER AND HIS GUESTS AT HATFIELD.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

Nearly two thousand guests travelled to Hatfield in six special trains for Lord Salisbury's garden-party, which was favoured by brilliant weather. The gathering was, in the most select sense, at once Imperial and cosmopolitan, distinguished persons from all parts of the Empire and the world responding to the ex-Prime Minister's invitation.

## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

*Holy Matrimony.* By Dorothea Gerard. (London: Methuen. 6s.)  
*Prophet Peter.* By Mayne Lindsay. (London: Ward, Lock. 6s.)  
*The Web of Empire: The Diary of the Imperial Tour of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York in 1901.* By Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, K.C.I.E., K.C.V.O. (London: Macmillan. 21s.)  
*Broadland Sport.* Written and Illustrated by Nicholas Everitt. (London: Everett. 12s. 6d. net.)  
*Recollections of Dublin Castle and of Dublin Society.* By A Native. (London: Chatto and Windus. 6s.)  
*The German Empire of To-Day.* By "Veritas." (London: Longmans. 6s.)  
*George Eliot.* By Leslie Stephen. "English Men of Letters" Series. (London: Macmillan. 2s.)

"You are going out?" he said, with a feeling of unmingled delight and disappointment." Thus Lieutenant Demarel in "Holy Matrimony," and this sentence, selected at random, is unfortunately typical of much of Madame Longard de Longgarde's writing. And the thinking is not much better. The story of the two sisters who marry, the one for love and the other for gear, is insipid and without any distinctive quality; the writer's contention that, in either event, true happiness is unattainable, is tamely and conventionally argued. It is true that evidence of some shrewdness and a certain power of observation is not wholly wanting, but these things alone are insufficient to lift the story above a very ordinary level. Perhaps the standpoint adopted is too low; happiness, after all, is not the sole end of existence, and, although it were, it is still true that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of his possessions. Even the binder has not done his part satisfactorily, some sixteen pages (81-96) being omitted in our copy.

"Prophet Peter" is among the books that should be read. In "The Whirligig," Mayne Lindsay showed promise of considerable ability, and the present volume is a distinct advance upon her earlier work. She understands the imaginative small boy as well—shall we say?—as Mr. Barrie, and we would have been content to hear more of Peter's early days. Then the dexterous manner in which Peter's development is handled is in itself masterly: the element of heredity introduced, the unusual gift of second sight, the religious fervour of Mrs. Crump, who sees in Peter a second Samuel—these, and many lesser strands, are skilfully blended, and the result is a plausible, cogent, and impressive story. In religious matters the writer's own position is not very clear, but a certain nice tolerance pervades her pages. The chapters descriptive of the prophet's relations with Eve after their marriage are particularly well done: the contrast between the man of dreams and visions, and his matter-of-fact, sensible wife would be ludicrous if it were not so pathetic. The end, at least for Peter, is tragic, but it could scarcely have been otherwise.

"The Web of Empire" deserves to take a high place among books of the kind, for Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace is a journalist as well as a courtier, and he has used the somewhat dry material at his disposal very cleverly. As he occupied the pleasant position of assistant private secretary to the Heir Apparent during his Royal Highness's Colonial tour, Sir Donald had, of course, quite exceptional opportunities of following every detail of the innumerable picturesque ceremonies and functions which made of the royal tour the most wonderful triumphal progress of modern days. From the first he wisely kept a very careful diary of all that occurred, and the "Web of Empire" contains many vivid extracts from this journal. In the first chapter some amusing details, which we do not remember seeing given before, are noted concerning the *Ophir*. Probably few people realise, for instance, that their Royal Highnesses were accompanied by a suite of over five hundred people, which included nine cooks, one laundryman and his wife, one printer, and two hair-dressers! As was absolutely essential to such a narrative, destined to assist very materially the history-makers of the future, no incident of importance is omitted, but Sir Donald has managed with considerable art to add constantly intimate little touches of his own to what would otherwise have been an uninteresting because a formal passage. To give an example of this: we are afforded a glimpse of Arabi Pasha in exile in Ceylon. The unfortunate man called on Sir Donald, whom he had known twenty years before in Egypt, and the account of their interview makes us glad to think that "Arabi the Egyptian," as he styled himself on his visiting-card, is now once more home again in the country for which he sacrificed so much. Many readers will turn with special interest to those pages dealing with the stay of the *Ophir* off the coast of South Africa; but, as is natural under the circumstances, we are not told anything of how the nearness of the actual struggle then still going on affected the royal visitors. For the first time since leaving England, Sir Donald then played truant: leaving the Duke and Duchess, he paid a visit to the battlefields in the immediate neighbourhood of Ladysmith, and he incidentally observes that when following the road by which Buller advanced to the relief of the besieged town, he could not help wondering how mere flesh and blood could ever have stormed successfully the honeycombed ridges rising one behind the other in endless succession. Pleasant to read at the present time is the passage describing a visit to the Boer

prisoners' camp near Simonstown, showing how even then Boers and Britons tried to live in amity together; while, with the permission of the military authorities, the prisoners sent the royal visitors not only an address couched in pathetically imperfect English, but also some curious little presents, consisting of four silver serviette-totings, and a brooch for the Duchess, composed of a five-shilling piece, in the centre of which was set a Kruger sovereign. This original jewel was made and presented to her Royal Highness by three prisoners of war as "a memento of respect, and a keepsake in token

"A Native's" recollections of Dublin go back about forty years, and are rich in anecdote. He knows "the Castle" very well, and does not flatter it. Some bygone Viceroys are sketched with great frankness. Lord Carlisle, for instance, figures with his "rubicund cheeks and enormous mouth, the lower lip spreading out like that of a jug, a strange lack-lustre stare, which became almost 'oafish' as he grew absorbed, and a curious voice." We see him on a balcony overlooking the "Castle yard," where some ragamuffins are jiggling to the music of the band, and the Lord Lieutenant, thinking this a good opportunity to win the favour of the Irish people, throws down cakes for the mob to fight over. The "Native" is severe on the arrogance of the Dublin English in those times, and on the subservience of the Dublin Irish. We see a popular Irishman at the Horse Show. He meets the "Native," who tries to make him talk in a rational manner. "It was of no use. He was absorbed in the Viceregal glamour. Craning his neck forward, he would exclaim, 'D'ye see him now? That's Lord—he's talking to.' 'How nice!' was all I could say. I wish I could give an idea of the rapturous adoration with which the unhappy man followed every movement that went on in what was called 'the Viceregal box.'" There may be a good deal of exaggeration in all this, but it is lively reading. The "Native" is no partisan; he is for the English and the Irish too. But he warns Englishmen against marrying Irishwomen. The domestic ideals of the two races, he says, will not "mix." This makes us distrust his judgment.

"Veritas" has written a book that deserves the careful attention of English readers who have misgivings about the supremacy of their own country among the nations. They will find that the development, educational and commercial, of the German Empire in the last thirty years is far greater than they may have suspected from casual suggestions in the newspapers. It is easy to say that reforms are effected in Germany by methods impossible in a country like ours, where the State interferes as little as possible with the organic life of the community. The principle of our institutions is decentralisation, and the German Empire is a highly centralised organism, in which the lives of the people are regulated by the State in a way we should find intolerable. But this regulation is accompanied by a very remarkable public spirit. "In every sphere of life and in every form of occupation a truly scientific method seems to have been universally adopted." This is most striking in the German system of education, in which the primary and secondary schools are linked with the Universities in a methodical fashion to which we can show no parallel. Take the account of this system given by "Veritas," and the more detailed account in Mr. Haldane's "Education and Empire," and it must be acknowledged that our inferiority to the Germans is nothing short of a scandal. No German can enter the public service without a certificate of educational competence; he can seldom enter a house of business without the same passport. The scientific method is visible in political and industrial organisation alike—in the remarkable scheme which federated the twenty-five German States, and in the smallest detail of railway management, or of the mercantile marine. It is noteworthy that Bismarck established Free Trade before 1880 so far as to admit ninety per cent. of imports duty free. Then Germany reverted to Protection, and organised it with her wonted skill and success. Her maritime development shows no limit, and her navy in twenty years will be very formidable. She has failed in nothing but her colonising. At present her colonial possessions are worthless; a reflection that does not improve her temper when she considers the growth and prosperity of the British Colonies, and our dominance in Africa.

"Novels should be transfigured experience—they should be based upon the direct observation and the genuine emotions which it has inspired; when they are deliberately intended to be a symbolism of any general formula they become unreal as representative of fact and unsatisfactory as philosophical exposition." Sir Leslie Stephen's comment upon the novel is not the least interesting exposition of the literary man's attitude towards fiction to be gathered from his study of George Eliot in the "English Men of Letters" series. He writes as we should expect him to write—with sober judgment that appreciates the author's best work—and is not afraid to detect the faults and comparative weakness of some of her later efforts.

At the hands of a critic whose discrimination is so fine, George Eliot's position does not suffer from the severe analysis to which her work is subjected; for while no faults are ignored, the qualities that have made "Scenes of Clerical Life," "Adam Bede," "Silas Marner," and other works live so long receive generous appreciation. "The noble pleasure of praising," which, says Mr. Swinburne, is the critic's sole excuse for his calling, is exercised legitimately throughout the book, and when the last chapter is read our knowledge of George Eliot is greater, and our estimation of her position among the writers of her time more true. We do not admire her less on account of her least successful works, and we have a greater admiration for her on account of the others.



THE AUTHOR OF "THE WEB OF EMPIRE":  
SIR DONALD MACKENZIE WALLACE.

of extreme regard." In a concluding chapter Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace sums up in striking and eloquent fashion his views and conclusions concerning Imperial Federation; and an excellent index gives added value to this unique literary record of the Royal Imperial Tour.

In the preface to "Broadland Sport," Mr. Nicholas Everitt modestly disclaims the title of artist-author: the value of his book, though it certainly smacks more of actuality than of art, is increased rather than diminished by the occasional amateurishness of its author, for this very amateurishness stamps it far more as a true record than any polishing or elaborate phrase-making could have done. Something of the guide-book, something of the sportsman's diary, something of the would-be sportsman's handbook, it forms a complete, lucid, and welcome exponent of the sports and pastimes practised on or around the lagoons, waterways, and marshes of East Anglia, and at the same time is replete with hints that will serve the sportsman in all lands. The two



ELEVEN-TONNERS STARTING FROM FIXED MOORINGS, WITH JIBS DOWN, ON OULTON BROAD.

Reproduced from "Broadland Sport," by permission of Messrs. Everett and Co.

chapters devoted to yachting are quite a feature of the production, tracing as they do its origin and gradual development, and giving details of every boat of importance launched during the last hundred years, the history of every yacht club, the supporters of yacht-racing, and much matter concerning the owners of racing-yachts. Mr. Everitt is evidently as keen about the sport of Broadland as Mrs. Battle was upon her particular pastime, but his enthusiasm is kept well within bounds, and he is never too assertive. He might with safety, had he been so minded, have parodied Van Troil's famous six-word chapter on Snakes in Iceland—"There are no snakes in Iceland"—with a page headed "Concerning Broadland Sports Undealt with in this Book"—"There are no Broadland sports undealt with in this book."

THE MANUFACTURE OF THE POPULAR SUMMER HEADGEAR.

DRAWN BY P. FRENZENY.

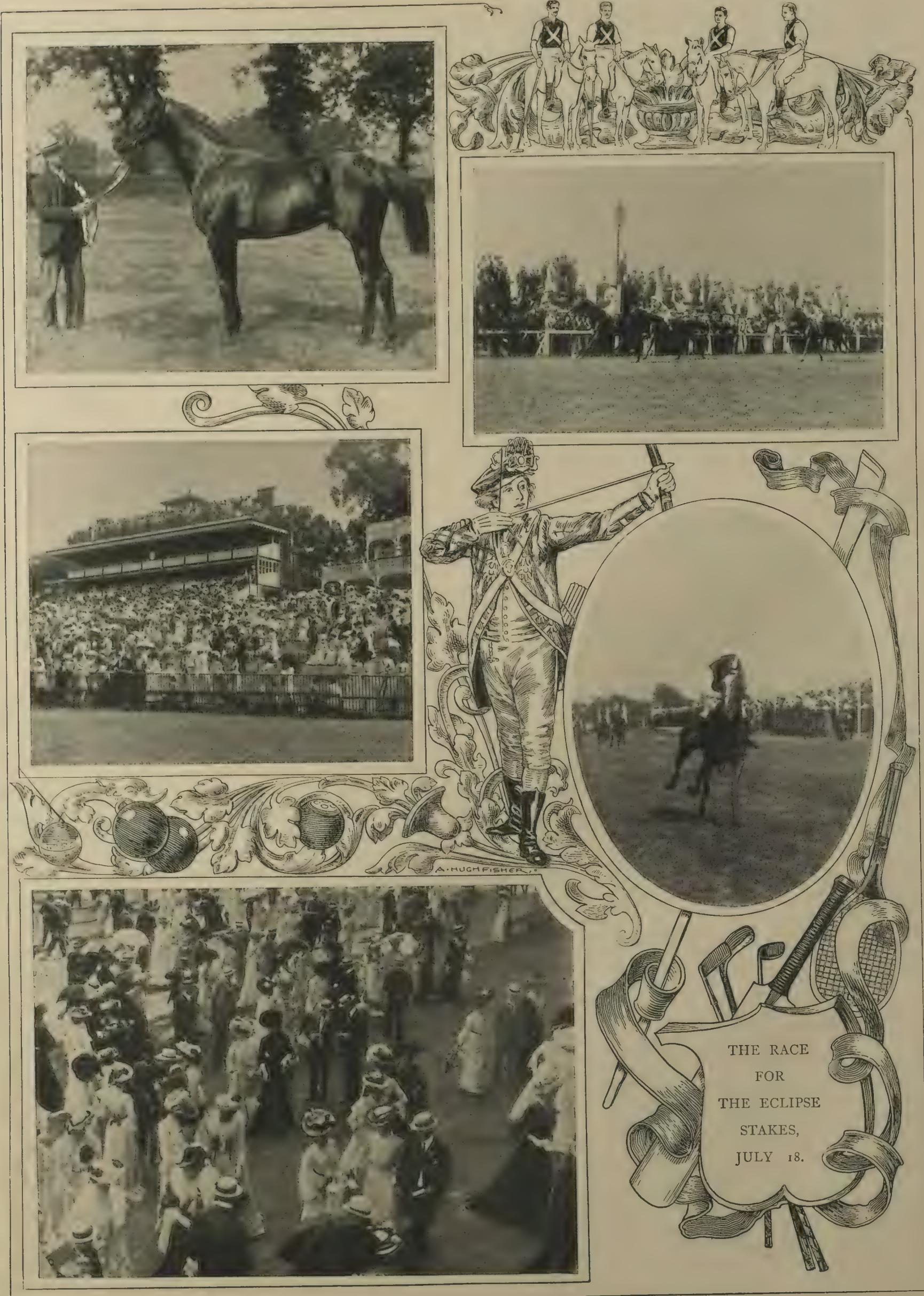


"PANAMA-HAT" MAKERS IN ECUADOR.

The real "Panama hat" is made in South America. Guayaquil, in Ecuador, is the centre of the export trade. The best hats are manufactured by Indian women, and require the labour of several months. A peculiar grass, or the bast of certain trees, is gathered at its proper maturity, carefully selected, and submitted to a long process of bleaching. The slightest defect in structure or colour causes the work to be discarded for the making of a perfect sombrero. The high-crowned hat with large brim is peculiarly fancied by the wealthy; and high prices are paid for these—far above what we consider an exorbitant expenditure.

THE COURSE AND THE PADDOCK: A SUMMER FIXTURE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOWDEN BROTHERS.



THE WINNER: THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S "CHEERS."

THE MEMBERS' STAND.

THE SCENE IN THE PADDOCK.

THE FINISH: "CHEERS" WINS BY A LENGTH.

"RISING GLASS," THE FAVOURITE, CANTERING TO THE POST.

THE MEETING OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION AT BISLEY.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT BISLEY



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Resting to-day under the shade of the trees, in view of the sea that is without a ripple on "its azure brow," the world may well be forgot awhile. The noonday sun hardly penetrates the thick overgrowth of branch and leaf, and the coolness of the shade, tempered as it is by the breeze from the sea, comes as a thing of luxury in the tropical summer-time. The life of the wood is undisturbed save by the occasional chirp of some bird discontented with the heat, or the hum of a bee intent on seeking a meal in the wood-orchids that grow so plentifully near by. Living nature seems lulled to rest for a time, and only the ants, that no heat seems to daunt in their restless peregrinations, are evidences of activity seen from our vantage in lazyland.

The undergrowth around us is composed of ferns, of dense masses of bracken that are all-resplendent in their waving fronds of green. Very ancient plants are the fern families. They formed a large part of the undergrowth in the forests of the Coal Period, for example, and grew luxuriantly in those olden days, both in size and species. You will meet with their fronds as fossils, nature-printed on the shales that form part of the coal-measures, and the geological museum will show you endless examples of the race in the past.

People know a good deal nowadays about ordinary flowers and plants, but the ferns remain to most of us somewhat of a mystery. They differ very materially in many respects from other plants, both in structure and in their mode of life. To begin with, the fern is a flowerless plant—that is, it wants the conspicuous blossoms that mark the common denizens of our gardens. I do not say that it is destitute of representatives of flowers, but it assuredly shows a process of development that is far removed from the ordinary run which includes bud, flower, seed, and youthful plant as its successive terms. Therefore, as everybody loves ferns and admires them, it may be well that with the bracken and other members of the tribe before us, we should pry so far into fern-life as to ascertain something of its nature and its ways.

Our fern has no conspicuous stem rising above the ground, but for all that there is a stem, which burrows underground, gives off the fronds, and is known to botanists as a "root stock," or "rhizome." This is large and tough in the bracken, as you may find if you attempt to dig it up. You will observe also that I speak of the leaves as "fronds," and this is their correct designation, for they differ materially from ordinary leaves in their nature, and also in respect of certain features they exhibit.

Now look at the back of the frond by aid of a magnifying lens, and you will see a series of rounded bodies lying on the leaf-edges. These edges will fold in somewhat to protect the bodies in question, which, at first green, become of a brown colour when they approach their time of ripening. These organs, if so we may term them, are collections of spore-cases, which may vary in shape in different species. In the male fern you will find them kidney-shaped, while in the hart's-tongue they are narrow and elongated. In shield-ferns, on the other hand, they are oval. If one spore-case from a group be separated, we can see that it is a kind of receptacle which has running round it a strong spiral ring or band. What will happen later on in fern-life is the rupture of each spore-case. The stout ring contracts and thus cracks the case, and the minute "spores" contained therein are thus set free.

In one sense we might term each spore—there are thousands produced by each fern—a fern-seed. In another sense it is very different from a seed. If you plant a pea in the earth, a pea grows directly from it. Not so your fern-spore. Let us see what happens in the evolution of a new fern. The spores pass into the soil, lie dormant awhile, and then from each there grows a small green leaf, which we call a *prothallus*. This leaf, heart-shaped, anchors itself in the soil by roots. If now we examine the under or root-side of the prothallus, we will observe borne upon it certain little bodies, each called an *antheridium*. In another part of the prothallus-leaf you will see another set of organs to which the name of *archegonia* is given. Briefly, these correspond in a measure with the stamens and pistils of ordinary flowers. It is from and by these bodies that the future fern will be produced.

In each archegonium the microscope detects a minute germ, or fern-ovum, ready to be fertilised. That act will be accomplished by the active little bodies which, in their turn, the antheridia contain. When these last are set free, they demand moisture for the display of their activities; but as the prothallus-leaf is anchored in the soil, we may note that this watery environment is not likely to be wanting. The active particles gain access to the fern-germs, and fertilise them, and thus are set in trim the final stages of fern-history. For soon the germ begins to grow and to develop the likeness of its progenitor. It produces cells, throws out a kind of root, by which it adheres to its foster-mother, the prothallus-leaf. Nay, more, it will derive so much of its sustenance from that leaf, which will shrivel up and vanish away when the young fern, started fairly on its career, develops fronds of its own. These fronds in time will come to bear spore-cases, and so the curious cycle of life will be renewed.

The question of personality of a fern is not the least interesting part of its history. Our fern growing in the wood is not the real plant. It is nothing but a collection of spore-bearing leaves. It has no power in itself to produce a new plant. The real fern plant is the prothallus. It is the seed-bearing generation, as it were, the other is the mere leaf and spore-bearing one. There is therefore no doubt which is the true plant. Strange it is that, like so many other beautiful things in nature, the leafy bracken or other fern is, after all, only the semblance of the thing it is so often taken for.

## CHESS.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to *Chess Editor*.

ALPHA.—The solution you propose "from memory" will not solve No. 3030. BANARSI DAS (Moradabad).—Amended version to hand, which we trust to find correct.

F THOMPSON (Derby).—Glad to hear from you again; and your problem is very acceptable.

EUGENE HENRY.—No, four-movers do not meet the public taste. We must bow to the fashion.

CAPTAIN M GRIEVE, R.N.—Thanks for problem.

S DAVIDSON (Victoria, Ecuador).—You will always find solutions in the third or fourth issue of this paper subsequent to the publication of the problem. The solution in this case is, 1. Kt to B 8th, K takes R; 2. Q takes Kt (ch), K moves; 3. Q or Kt mates.

S B W (Wansford).—We have already replied, and trust by this time you have our answer.

C W SUMNER.—We fear we should occupy most of this column for a couple of months after publishing your "Coronation problem," explaining to correspondents under what circumstances three Black Knights were permissible.

W J LAND.—If Black play 1. K to B 4th, 2. R to B 7th is not mate, because Queen interposes.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3032 received from Richard Burke (Teldeniya, Ceylon); of No. 3033 from M Shaida Ali Khan (Rampur) and Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of Nos. 3034 and 3035 from Robert Howard Hixon (New York City) and Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 3036 from F B (Worthing), Eugene Henry (Dulwich), Emile Frau, and J Bailey (Newark); of No. 3037 from A G (Pancsova), Marco Salem (Sasso), J Bailey, Emile Frau (Lyons), H S Brandreth (Dinard), F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Eugene Henry, and F B (Worthing).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3038 received from Rev. A Mays (Bedford), Reginald Gordon, H Le Jeune, T O Smith (Moffatt), Thomas M Eglington (Handsworth), F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells), Alpha, Eugene Henry (Dulwich), W G K M (Harrington), G Bakker (Rotterdam), T Roberts, Edward J Sharpe, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), C E Perugini, F J S (Hampstead), George H Kelland (Jersey), P B (Worthing), Thomas Wetherall (Manchester), M A Eyr (Folkestone), Martin F, W A Lillico (Edinburgh), H Hinton (Great Yarmouth), Joseph Cook (Pickering), W D Easton (Sunderland), E J Winter-Wood, R Worts (Canterbury), Shadforth, Laura Greaves (Shepton), R F Fenner (Plymouth), A Belcher (High Wycombe), Walter C Bennett (Windsor), Hereward, Frank W Atchinson (Crowthorne), and H S Brandreth (Dinard).

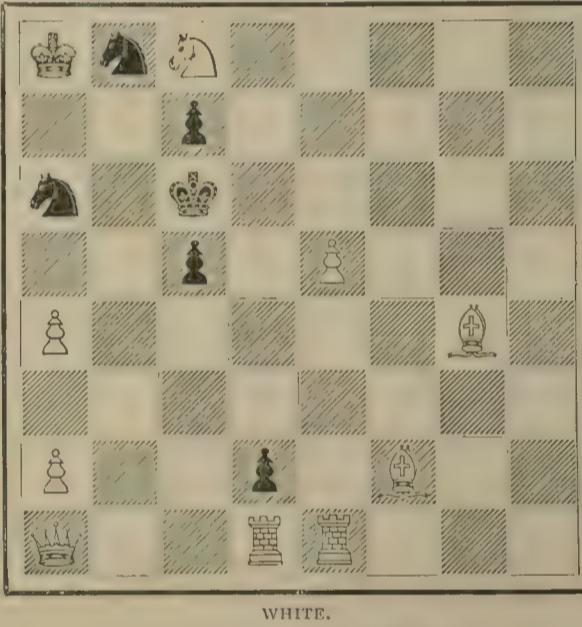
## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3037.—BY F. HEALEY.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q to Kt 2nd. Kt takes Q  
2. Kt to Q 6th (ch). K moves  
3. Kt to K 6th, mate.

If Black play 1. P to Q 5th, then 2. Q to K B 2nd, and 3. Q or Kt mates.

## PROBLEM NO. 3040.—BY PERCY HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

## CHESS IN COPENHAGEN.

Game played between MESSRS. FEVILLE and LAURITZ in consultation against L. KRAUSE.

(Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Messrs. L. and F.) BLACK (Mr. K.)  
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th (Mr. K.)  
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd  
3. B to B 4th B to B 4th  
4. P to Q 4th B to B 4th  
5. P to Kt 4th B takes P  
6. P to B 3rd B to B 4th  
7. Castles P to Q 3rd  
8. Here P takes P cannot well be adopted because of 8. B takes P (ch), K takes B, Q to Q 5th (ch), regaining the piece. There are other lines of play worthy of note.  
9. P takes P B to Kt 3rd  
9. P to Q 5th  
B to Kt 2nd or B to Q Kt 5th may be played, so White has choice of fairly good moves. The one adopted is not considered best.  
10. B to Kt 2nd Kt to K 4th  
11. Kt takes Kt Q to B 3rd  
12. Kt to B 3rd Kt to K 2nd  
13. Kt to K 2nd Castles  
14. Kt to Kt 3rd Kt to Kt 3rd  
R takes B is the only move left, but there is no perpetual check. Fine play distinguishes the latter part of this contest.

WHITE (Mr. M.) BLACK (Mr. B.)  
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th  
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd  
3. B to B 4th B to B 4th  
4. P to Q 4th B takes P  
5. P to B 3rd B to B 4th  
6. P to Q 4th P takes P  
7. Castles P takes P  
8. Q to Kt 3rd Q to B 3rd  
9. P to Kt 5th Q to Kt 3rd  
10. Kt takes P Kt to K 2nd  
11. R to K 5th Kt to K 2nd

R to Q Kt sq. But White's 12. Kt takes P is not so easy to follow.  
12. Kt to Kt 5th R to Q Kt sq  
13. Kt to Kt 5th R to B 5th  
14. B to Q 3rd Q to Kt 4th  
15. R to K 4th B to Kt 3rd  
16. Q to R 4th Kt to B 4th  
17. Kt to B 3rd B to Kt 2nd  
18. B to Kt 5th Q to Kt 5th  
19. R takes Kt Kt takes R  
20. Q takes Kt P to K B 3rd  
21. Kt takes P (ch) B takes Kt  
22. P takes Kt P takes P  
23. R to K 5th (ch) K to Q 5th  
24. B to Kt 5th P to Q 3rd  
25. Q to K 3rd Q to B 2nd  
26. B takes P (ch) K to B 5th  
27. Kt to K 5th Resigns.

An old move, but troublesome to Black here, is 11. Kt to K 2nd. The text proves, however, very effective.  
11. P to Q Kt 4th  
The play now becomes of genuine interest, and is conducted by White in masterly fashion. Black's P to Kt 4th is a well-recognised move, followed, as here, by

## FEEDING AN ARMY CORPS.

BY HORACE WYNNDHAM.

The most serious problem with which a General in the field can be faced is that of keeping up the necessary food-supply for the troops under his command. An army, indeed, marches on its stomach. At a pinch it can make shift to do without tents or transport, while, as is well known, successful operations have at times been carried out in a hostile area when not a single cartridge has been expended for weeks on end. Yet, though bullets may be dispensed with, this is certainly not the case with regard to bread—or its equivalent. This, at any rate, has always been the opinion of the great military leaders—Napoleon, for example, being reported on one occasion to have had a soldier shot for throwing away a bag of biscuit in order to make room for some ammunition.

The scale on which the commissariat arrangements for a protracted campaign are conducted—such as that now happily concluded in South Africa—is an exceedingly large one. A fact that contributes materially to this is that not only have rations and fodder to be issued daily to every man and horse on duty, but also that a considerable reserve supply has to be maintained at the base of operations. In the recent Boer War, for example, the amount of food thus stored was as far as possible that equalled a four months' consumption. When it is remembered that the number of troops drawing upon it was well over 200,000 at a time during the greater portion of the war, it will readily be seen that such a supply necessarily represented a very big stock indeed. To go into actual figures, it may be of interest to learn that at the head of the various items composing it was 24,000,000 lb. of biscuit. This enormous total was closely approached by the "bully beef" one, as for every pound of the former commodity there was at least  $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. of the latter. To render it more palatable than it would be in itself, the Commissariat Department was required to keep in store 1,600,000 lb. of compressed vegetables and 800,000 lb. of salt. As appropriate accompaniments to the beef and biscuit, coffee and tea to the extent of 800,000 lb. and 400,000 lb. respectively were also included in the reserve supply.

In addition to such absolute necessities as biscuit, beef, and vegetables, the four months' food-supply for an average Army Corps in the field includes many items that may almost be described as luxuries. For example, that for the British troops in South Africa contained 2,900,000 tins of jam (each holding 1 lb.) and 720,000 tins of condensed milk. Jam, it is worth noting, was first introduced as an article of diet for soldiers on active service during the Egyptian Campaign of 1884. As it was found to have excellent results (chiefly on account of its anti-scorbutic properties) and also to be extremely appreciated by the men, it has remained a "field-ration" ever since. It is generally eaten with biscuit, as bread is but rarely obtainable in the actual theatre of war.

"Drinkables" occupy almost as large a place as do "eatables" in the reserve food-supply of an Army Corps when on active service. After the 800,000 lb. of coffee and 400,000 lb. of tea already referred to, the principal totals maintained in South Africa during the progress of the recent hostilities were 40,000 gallons of rum, 64,000 bottles of port, and 24,000 bottles of whisky. There was also a very large quantity of lime-juice kept in reserve for the benefit of the sick and wounded.

Among the "miscellaneous stores" which the commander of an Army Corps looks to his Commissariat Department to furnish when called upon are 160 tons of alum (for purifying doubtful water), 40 tons of chloride of lime, 12,000 lb. of carbolic acid powder, 20,000 gallons of iza, and some 80,000 lb. weight of candles. The food-supply for the horses and mules is also on a generous scale, thousands of tons of hay, oats, and bran being always kept at the base in readiness for instant despatch to the front.

Of course it must be understood that these huge totals are subjected to an almost continuous drain while hostilities are in progress; consequently, a few weeks after the outbreak of war the reserve stock has necessarily assumed much smaller proportions than was the case at the commencement. In the same way, when the end of the campaign is within measurable distance, the forwarding of fresh supplies from England is instantly put a stop to. Despite every precaution, however, the Commissariat Department is almost bound to find itself, on the declaration of peace, saddled with an immense accumulation of perishable stores for which there is no further use. The general procedure in these instances is to sell by public auction such surplus stock for what it will fetch. As a rule, this is remarkably little, and certainly not more than a tithe of its original cost.

In an article on the supply of rations to troops engaged on active service, Lord Wolseley has laid it down for the guidance of officers that "it may be accepted as a fact that the better the men are fed the more you will be able to get out of them, the better will be their health and strength, the more contented they will be, and the better will be their discipline." Judging from the liberal scale on which rations are issued in time of war, the soundness of these views seems to be accepted without demur by the authorities. The actual quantities which the soldier receives daily are, under ordinary circumstances (*i.e.*, when the commissariat wagons are in touch with the columns), as follows: bread, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  lb.; meat, 1 lb.; coffee,  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz.; tea,  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz., and sugar, 2 oz. Jam, cheese, pickles, and compressed vegetables are also included in the ration-allowance as frequently as possible.

Variations in the foregoing scale have, of course, to be introduced at times, for supply-columns have an awkward way of missing the appointed rendezvous, and turning up a day or two late. On these unfortunate occasions the troops fall back upon the "emergency ration" they carry in their haversacks. This usually consists of a small quantity of biscuit and preserved beef. It is not unduly palatable, perhaps—especially when it has been exposed to a burning sun for hours—but hunger makes a very excellent sauce. The soldier, too, is far from being fastidious, and is, moreover, usually blessed with a digestion that nothing can injure. For all this, however, when the overdue wagons do put in an appearance they are accorded a hearty welcome.



**SUNLIGHT SOAP**

Saves time.

**SUNLIGHT SOAP**

Lengthens life.

**SUNLIGHT SOAP**

Adds to the joys  
of home.

## SUNLIGHT SOAP

Reduces the Hours of Labour.

Increases the Hours of Ease.

**LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.**

**SUNLIGHT SOAP**

Makes washing a  
pleasure.

**SUNLIGHT SOAP**

Gives rest and  
comfort.

**SUNLIGHT SOAP**

Preserves the clothes

## LADIES' PAGE.

Lord Salisbury's family and friends noticed a great change in his strength and spirits after the death of his wife. Lady Salisbury was of a quiet and retiring disposition, and came little before the public, but she took a keen interest in her distinguished husband's career, and was intellectually capable of doing so to



A PRETTY MUSLIN DRESS WITH TASSELS.

good purpose. She was therefore much missed by the late Premier. Lord Salisbury was in favour of Women's Suffrage, and made a fine speech in recognition of the work done by women representatives in Local Government when the Government of London Bill was under discussion—notwithstanding which, a majority of the Lords deprived the public of the services of women on those new London Councils.

Lord Salisbury is descended from a wise and public-spirited woman. He is, of course, a lineal descendant of Queen Elizabeth's great Councillor, Cecil, Lord Burleigh, by his wife Mildred, daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke. She was Burleigh's second wife, but she was the mother of his distinguished son, Robert Cecil, who succeeded his father in the office of Chief Secretary of State; he was created Earl of Salisbury, and from him directly descends the present Marquess. These genealogical details would be of small interest but for the fact that Elizabeth's great Minister also had the assistance of an exceptionally brilliant wife in his political life. Sir Anthony Cooke, the eminent scholar, was one of the tutors of little King Edward VI., and educated his own daughters on exactly the same lines as those on which the young Prince and his learned sisters, afterwards Queens Mary and Elizabeth, were educated. The three young ladies Cooke became so eminent for their sense and learning that "they were sought in marriage," says Camden, the historian, "by some of the greatest men of their time, more for their natural and acquired talents than for their portions." Mildred Cooke, Lord Salisbury's ancestress, knew Greek and Latin thoroughly, and "was as good a politician as her husband." Her next sister became Lady Bacon, and the mother of the man who (quite apart from the Shakspeare-Bacon controversy) is the wonder of all time for his unlimited knowledge and intellectual ability—Francis Bacon. Such are the results of a clever and cultivated woman marrying a man of intellect! If great fathers so seldom have brilliant sons, may it not be because those fathers did not marry wives worthy of the alliance?

It seems almost like a dream that the Coronation that we were all expecting in the midst of the season is not over, but is again a thing of expectation for the near future. The French fashion papers have been full of descriptions of the costume made in Paris for the Queen's own wear at the Coronation ceremony, which the favoured dressmaker has allowed to be seen by her customers and described by her journalistic fellow-countrymen. The Parisian house sent the confection over to the Queen by a special train, and accompanying it came the head "fitter," who was also to have

the honour of supervising the royal toilet and "putting in the last pin" on the Coronation Day. Naturally, there is great delight in Paris, though it is only expressed with characteristic French courtesy, at this signal honour done to a French house. English newspapers reserve their description until the ceremony actually takes place.

The Princess of Wales has been wearing some very pretty dresses lately. One of a dainty blue and white foulard was elaborately trimmed with gathered or gauged strappings of pale blue plain foulard, edged with black lace; these were arranged in triple vandykes around the skirt, the top of each point being finished with a rosette; three flounces, edged with the same trimming, finished the foot of the skirt. The sides of the bodice were trimmed with gauged vandykes to match, and a rosette appeared close against the arm. Then the sleeves were decorated with triple vandykes, with a rosette at the elbow. The vest was of white pleated crêpe-de-Chine, and the full undersleeves from the elbow to match were set into a cuff of the foulard, trimmed and finished with a little rosette. Another of pink-and-white printed muslin had large handsome motifs of Irish lace, as a heading to shaped flounces, and was trimmed above this right up to the waist with V-shaped lines of narrow pink ribbon, the point of the V coming straight down the front. There was a little bolero almost entirely of Irish lace over a pleated crêpe-de-Chine vest to form the bodice. An Organdie muslin, in the design of which stripes of pale blue overlaid a dainty running floral pattern in the same tint, was made up with strappings and applications of lace, trimming heavily the lower third of the skirt, and more lightly above; the pouched bodice was almost covered with lace. Another dress for H.R.H. was of chiné foulard in a delicate pink. Here, again, lace almost completely covered the bodice, a large and handsome collar being a leading feature.

It is to be hoped that the Coronation will defer the close of the London season so completely as to enable the tradespeople to be recouped for the heavy losses that the season proper brought to them. There will certainly be more American visitors here for the Coronation now than there would have been had it taken place at the time first expected. August and September are the great months for the visits of our Transatlantic cousins. Were it not for them, indeed, the shops might almost as well be closed during those months. The duties imposed by their own patriotic Legislature on goods coming from other countries do not prevent the American women purchasing largely when they visit London. The American visitors seem to have very exaggerated ideas, when they arrive, with regard to the cheapness of dress here. It has occurred to most of us who have American friends to go round the shops with them, and be quite startled by their ideas of the prices they ought to be asked for their desired fine feathers; it is impossible to convince them, too, that they are not charged vastly more than we ourselves should be, even when that is not at all the case; so that the notions that must be given them by their own Press as to the normal prices of things in London must be most exaggerated. But, nevertheless, they are valuable customers, with excellent taste in matters

sartorial, and a natural elegance and grace that makes it pleasing to the artists in costume to dress them.

Trouble in obtaining dressmakers preceded trouble in obtaining domestic servants. True, there were always women who would hack material about and spoil the best of figures, charging a high price for making, and adding to it some portentous sum under the title of "extras."

But a really good dressmaker, who could cut out to fit well and trim fairly elaborately and finish a gown off, was a most costly personage to employ. Of little use then was the cheapness of materials. A muslin or mercerised cotton or China silk dress-piece, which cost a shilling or less a yard, could not be made up without incurring an expense of four or five times the value of the material. A remedy has been to some extent discovered in the application of the factory



A GARDEN PARTY GOWN TRIMMED WITH LACE.

system to the production on a large scale of blouses and of all those pretty ready-shaped skirts that are being offered in large quantities in the present sales. Needing only to be banded to the size of the waist and fitted at the back of the skirt with a few gathers, they are at once and easily made ready to put on; while in many cases the bodice also is easily made, a design for it being supplied in the arrangement of the trimming on the material, and the blouse front now in fashion requiring but little fitting. The price at which very charming and even elaborate designs composed like this, in muslins and foulards, are being offered in the sales, is quite wonderful. Unfortunately, a similar revolution with regard to our domestic servants cannot be made with equal ease. We cannot have the factory system applied to them in the same easy way in which it is being adapted to the supply of tolerably nice frocks. Yet what a boon it would be if this could be accomplished may be perceived by the judicious from the following significant, if small, fact. At one of the Queen's teas to which six hundred servant-girls came, only four of them had been in their places as long as five years, and but a very few more had kept one place for even three years!

Our Illustrations show the very fashionable and becoming combination of black and white. The material is canvas, which has been so fashionable this season. One of the designs is trimmed with bands of white lace, passing both round and down the skirt, and trimmed further, as shown, with small medallions of white lace; a ribbon bow and ends in white finish it upon the bosom. The hat is of black tulle overlaid with white lace, and trimmed with a black ostrich-feather. The other dress has white lace embroidered with silver to form a deep collar; beneath this come bands of narrow white ribbon velvet, each finished with a tassel in white and silver. The same design is repeated upon the skirt with very handsome effect; the undersleeves and the vest are white chiffon. The hat is of drawn white chiffon, trimmed with black velvet ribbon and white roses.



A CORONATION YACHTING CUP.

The Coronation Cup won by the German Emperor's new yacht, "Meteor," in the Heligoland to Dover race, is of very beautiful design, executed in sterling silver gilt, and was presented by Sir Henry Seymour King. The cup was designed and modelled by the Royal Silversmiths, Mappin and Webb, Ltd., of Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and Oxford Street, London, W.

Messrs. Walpole Brothers, Ltd., 89, New Bond Street, who own an entire village in Ireland devoted to the linen weaving industry, announce their annual sale at the afore-mentioned address and at their other establishments, 102, Kensington High Street and 6, Onslow Place, South Kensington. Messrs. Walpole mention that owing to the necessity of rebuilding their damask-factory they are compelled to realise their whole stock at such greatly reduced prices as will effect the desired clearance. They cordially invite inspection of these goods and their stock generally at their London branches.

FILOMENA.

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*"The standard of highest purity."*—THE LANCET.

POWER TRANSMISSION  
IN INDIA.

The construction of the recently opened electrical power-transmission station at the famous Cauvery Falls in Southern India may, without undue exaggeration, be termed a remarkable industrial enterprise. The natural difficulties which had to be overcome before the four thousand five hundred horse-power could be conveyed over ninety miles, to supply the force for ten gold-mines, were enormous. Hilly jungles infested by tiger, panther, and bear had to be spanned, and herds of wild elephants to be combated before the telegraph-posts, carrying six strands of copper wire, could be set up. The machinery had to be dragged thirty miles from the railway station to the works by elephants and the long-horned white draught bullocks for which Mysore has long been famous. Another and even greater enemy fought by Captain Joly de Lotbinière, the Canadian officer who initiated and executed the enterprise, was the

THE SIVASAMUDRAM BRIDGE, ON PIERS OF MONOLITHS,  
ABOVE THE CAUVERY FALLS.

widespread superstition that the god of the sacred Cauvery would annihilate all who tampered with the stream. Labour was consequently most difficult to obtain, and it was only by the greatest tact and ingenious explanation that the work was enabled to proceed. Cholera and malaria, always deadly in the river-beds, particularly when freshly dug, also proved an obstacle. The Cauvery, one of India's sacred rivers, sometimes called the Ganges of the South, rises in a rugged valley on the western borders of Coorg, and flows through Mysore and Madras, forming on the borders of the two States the falls and rapids which enclose the island of Sivasamudram, where stands a wonderful bridge, three-quarters of a mile long, built on piers of monoliths. The falls are two in number—Bur Chooki and Gunga Chooki—and are somewhat under two hundred feet in height. The former is particularly beautiful; the spray of the latter, at the foot of which stands the generating station, can be seen for miles.



INDIAN WATER POWER NOW TRANSMITTED NINETY MILES: THE BUR CHOOKI.



INDIAN WATER POWER NOW TRANSMITTED NINETY MILES: THE GUNGA CHOOKI.

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JAMES PINION,  
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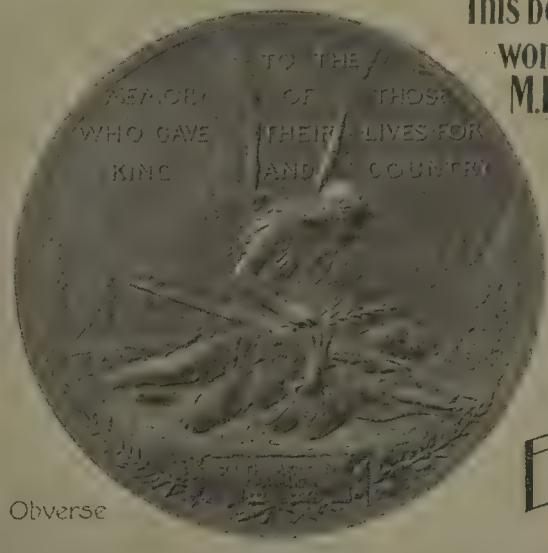
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Reverse

DESCRIPTION.—The obverse depicts a fallen soldier clasping the British flag, while an angel attends his dying moments and crowns him with laurel. — Upon the reverse is seen the Goddess of War sheathing her sword and the British troops marching towards Table Bay.

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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 30, 1901) of Mr. Charles Eley, of 59, Finchley Road, Chairman of Eley Brothers, Limited, powder-manufacturers, who died on June 10, was proved on July 10 by William Thomas White, the nephew, Archibald John Allen, and John Coverdale Hicks, the executors, the value of the estate being £120,596. The testator bequeaths five hundred shares in Eley Brothers to his nephew William Gardner Eley; £5000 each to his nephews Henry Eley and William Thomas White; £1000 each to his nieces Louise Sophia Allen, Adela Margaret King, Emma Catherine Waddy, Ethel Charlotte Eley, and Victoria Emma Upton; £2000, upon trust, for his niece Amy Margaret Alt; £1000, upon trust, for Robert Smart; and £100 each to Archibald John Allen



A TESTIMONIAL TO MR. SEDDON.

The solid silver-gilt casket figured above was presented to Mr. Seddon by his native borough of St. Helens. It bears enamelled views on the front, with ornamentation of the rose, shamrock, and thistle in relief, and a finely modelled group of St. Helen and the Lion. The work was designed and executed by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, of 112, Regent Street, London, through Mr. J. C. Mason, of St. Helens.

and John Coverdale Hicks. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew Charles Cuthbert Eley.

The will (dated Aug. 7, 1901) of Mr. George Philip, of 32, Fleet Street, and Huntley House, Fairfield, Liverpool, publisher, who died on May 30, was proved on July 15 by George Philip and Gerald Stanley Philip, two of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £112,314. The testator gives 200 £10 shares in George Philip and Son, Limited, to Thomas Dash Philip; and 100 of such shares each to his daughters Annie and Jessie; 50 shares each to Thomas N. Philip, William Blair Philip, Gerald Stanley Philip, Mrs. Mary Ellen Broad, and Jessie Lockwood; 20 shares each to Alec Thompson, George Scott Dingwall, William Henry Owen, Richard Fisher, and Edward Clarke; £300 to Mrs. May Grimwade; £200, an annuity of £500, and the use and enjoyment, for life, of his residence at Liverpool to his daughter Georgiana; an annuity of £300 to Mrs. Delphine Wood; £200 and an annuity of £200 to Jessie Lockwood; and many small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to George Philip.

The will (dated Aug. 11, 1897), with a codicil (dated Nov. 8, 1900), of Mr. Henry Story Perrin, of 31, St. John's Wood Park, Hampstead, who died on June 9, was proved on July 12 by Miss Emily Perrin, the daughter, Frederick Story, the nephew, and Martin Arthur Nasmith, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £65,237. The testator bequeaths his residence, with the household effects therein, to his daughter Emily; and £2000 each, upon trust, for his son Howard Nasmith and his daughter

Edith Mary. The residue of his property he leaves as to one fifth each to his sons Henry and Howard, and one fifth each, upon trust, for his daughters Mrs. Ellen Hicks, Emily, and Edith Mary.

The will (dated May 26, 1902) of Mr. Thomas Wallace Barker, of Messrs. Barclay and Co., Bankers, Newcastle-on-Tyne, who died on June 12, was proved on July 14 by Quintus Charles Colmore and James Madder Tinline, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £67,941. The testator bequeaths £100 to Julia Lamb; £250 each to his executors, and an annuity of £200 to his mother, Mrs. Alice Gray Barker. The residue of his property he leaves in equal shares to his brothers and sisters.

The will (dated May 21, 1898) of Captain Charles Gustavus Whittaker Edwardes Edwardes, of Sealyham,



A CORONATION CUP FOR RIFLE-SHOOTING.

The order for this year's *Daily Telegraph* Cup was entrusted to J. W. Benson, Ltd., of Ludgate Hill and Old Bond Street. It is a vase standing on an ebonised plinth 40 in. high, beautifully chased, with a medallion of the King on the front panel. The cup is surmounted by a figure of Victory.



A STRIKING ILLUMINATION.

On Coronation night, when the long deferred illuminations will redeem something of the lost splendours of June 26, few examples of decorative lighting will surpass Messrs. Dewar's tower between Blackfriars and Waterloo Bridges. The tower has already been lighted for trial, and the general effect has been successfully photographed.

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THE FINEST OF ALL

Digestive Biscuits.

Wolfscastle, Pembroke, who died on May 7, was proved on July 14 by Mrs. Catherine Octavia Edwardes, the widow, Charles Edward Carden, and Charles Plumptre Johnson, the executors, the value of the estate being £53,214. The testator leaves all his property to his wife for her own absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated March 2, 1900) of Mr. Henry Willan, J.P., of Albion Lodge, Hanley Castle, Worcester, who died on June 2, was proved on July 16 by Mrs. Emily Mary Willan, the widow, Arthur Thomas Keen, the son-in-law, and John William Willan, and James Nathaniel Willan, the nephews, the value of the estate being £51,798. The testator gives £100 and his household effects, and during her widowhood an annuity of £1100 per annum to his wife; £80 per annum each in trust for his children, and the remainder of the income from his property to his wife. Should Mrs. Willan again marry, her income is to be made up to £500 per annum. Subject thereto, his estate and effects are to be held, upon trust, for his children and the issue of any deceased child.

The will (dated April 25, 1898) of Lieutenant-Colonel George Thomas Miller, J.P., late 48th Regiment, of Folliott House, Chester, who died on May 12, was proved on June 20 by John Randal Orred, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £27,994. The testator gives two houses in Northgate Street, Chester, and a farm at Bunbury, upon trust, for Mrs. Eda Walker and Mrs. Grace Bellingham, and the survivor of them, and then for the children of Mrs. Walker, as such survivor shall appoint; £200 each to Major-General St. John Bally and James Tabley Pownall; £500 each to Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Bellingham; £10 to the Chester Infirmary; £200, upon trust, for Mrs. Louise Shepherd for life, and then for her daughter Ada; and a few small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to John Randal Orred.

#### RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS FOR AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY.

For the convenience of holiday-makers on the Continent the Great Eastern Railway Company will issue cheap tickets to Brussels, available for eight days, via Harwich and Antwerp. Passengers leaving London in the evening reach Brussels on the following morning. Tickets at cheap fares will be issued by the Antwerp route to Berne from the 23rd to the 26th inst. Special facilities for visiting the Hague, Amsterdam, and other parts of Holland, the Rhine, North and South Germany, and Bâle for Switzerland are offered via the company's Royal British Mail Harwich-Hook of Holland route, through carriages being run to Amsterdam, Berlin, Cologne, Munich, and Bâle, and also restaurant-car on the North and South German express trains to and from the Hook of Holland. The General Steam Navigation Company's fast passenger steamers will leave Harwich for Hamburg on July 30 and Aug. 2, returning Aug. 3 and 6.

The Great Western Railway Company issue ordinary as well as excursion tickets at their principal City and West-End offices, and this arrangement is probably never so much appreciated as during the week preceding the Bank Holiday. The fares charged are the same as at Paddington. Excursions, for which the tickets include railway fares, launch or coach trip, and refreshments, run on Tuesdays to Leamington, for Shakspeare's House, Memorial Theatre, Ann Hathaway's Cottage, etc.

The Midland Railway Company announces numerous cheap excursions to Scotland, Ireland, and the Midlands, and on Monday, Aug. 4, day-trip trains from London (St. Pancras) to Southend-on-Sea, St. Albans, Harpenden, Luton, Bedford, and Kettering. Cheap season excursion tickets are now issued from London (St. Pancras) to many of the stations on the company's line; and cheap week-end tickets can be obtained every Friday and

Saturday from London (St. Pancras) and other principal Midland stations to numerous seaside and inland holiday resorts, including the "Peak" district of Derbyshire, Yorkshire, the North-East Coast, Morecambe, Dumfries, Ayr, Kilmarnock, Glasgow, Greenock, Melrose, Edinburgh, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, etc.

The South Eastern and Chatham Railway Company announces special excursions to Paris, via Folkestone and Boulogne and Dover and Calais on Thursday, July 31, Friday, Aug. 1, and Saturday, Aug. 2, from Charing Cross and Cannon Street; and also cheap trains to Boulogne, Calais, Brussels, Amsterdam, The Hague, and other Dutch towns. The home arrangements are well looked after, and include the issue of cheap return tickets to many seaside towns.

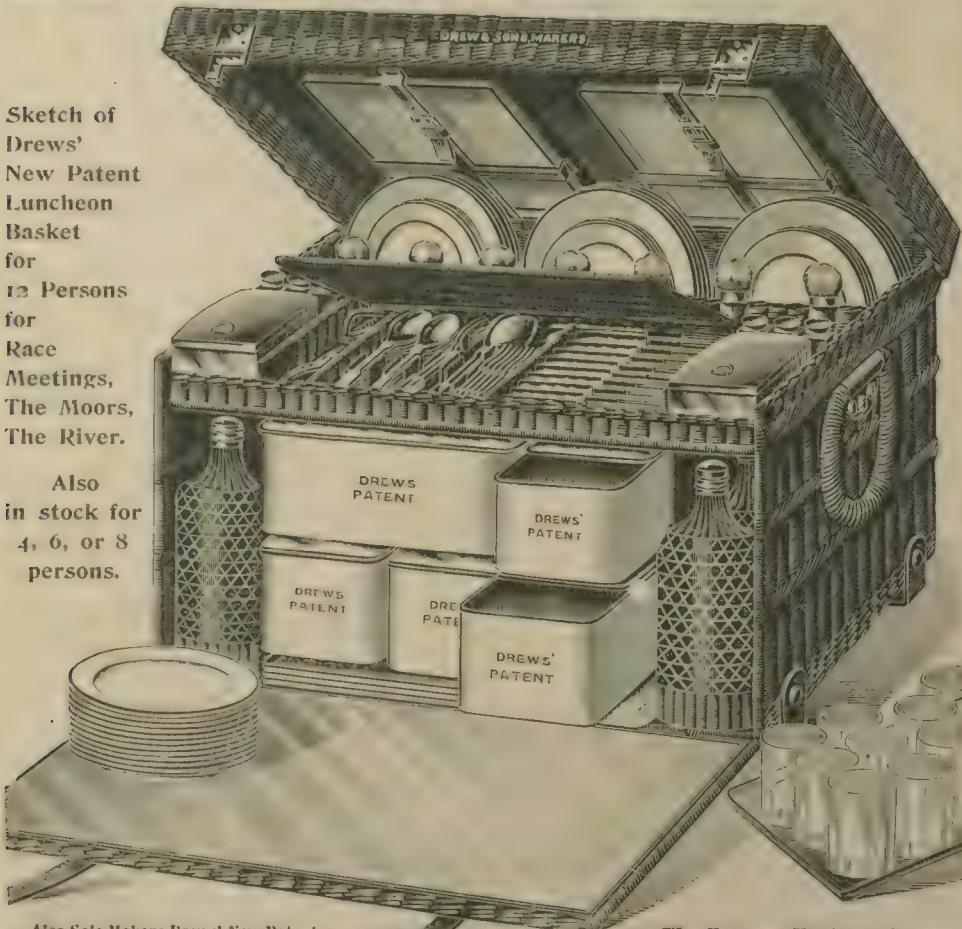
The Brighton Railway Company is announcing that by its Royal Mail route via Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen, to Paris and the Continent, through the charming scenery of Normandy and the valley of the Seine, a special fourteen-day excursion to Rouen and Paris will be run from London by two special express day services on Saturday, Aug. 2, and also by the express night service on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, July 31 to Aug. 2. To insure punctuality, two or more trains or steamers will be run each day as required by the traffic.

The London and South Western Railway Company will run cheap excursion trains on Bank Holiday to the South Coast, the West of England, and the French Coast. Cheap trips are also announced to start on Sundays for Aldershot, Portsmouth, Southampton West, Bournemouth, etc.; on Mondays for Winchester, the Isle of Wight, Swanage, Weymouth, Salisbury, Yeovil, Swindon, Cheltenham, Bath, Cowes, Ventnor, Bournemouth, etc.; on Tuesdays for Southampton West, Christchurch, Bournemouth, etc., to Cherbourg; on Wednesdays for Guildford, Haslemere, St. Malo and the Isle of Wight.

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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Salisbury returns this week to Neuenahr, Germany, to complete the course of treatment which was interrupted by his return for the Coronation and diocesan business. He will be absent till the second week in August. The Bishop of Oxford has also gone abroad for a short holiday.

In the diocese of Peterborough very great interest has been felt in the Thanksgiving service held this week in the Cathedral, and the visit of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ripon was eagerly looked for. All scaffolding used in repairing the west front was removed some weeks ago, and visitors can see the full effect of the restoration, which is perhaps the greatest triumph of church architecture in our time. A sum of £1700 is still needed for finishing the work on the transepts.

Bishop Montgomery received the members of the London Junior Clergy Missionary Association last week in his house at Chiswick, and delivered a stirring address.

It is greatly to be wished that the admirable secretary of the S.P.G. could more frequently be heard in our pulpits.

The *Church Times* severely condemns the introduction of the cult of the Sacred Heart into the church of St. Mary Magdalene, Paddington. "A simple parish priest has no right to introduce such a cult. Without the authority of the Bishop, formally invoked and as formally expressed, it has no legitimate place in the practice of Christian people." The Bishop of London has ordered the shrine in honour of the Sacred Heart to be removed from St. Mary's.

Dr. Parker has been gradually gaining strength during the past fortnight. He has been able to spend some hours each day on a couch in his study, and on fine mornings has been carried into the beautiful garden of his house at Hampstead.

At the recent meeting of the Home Reunion Society the Bishop of Truro referred with disapproval to Canon Henson's sermons on intercommunion, remarking that "in a controversial subject of this kind neither the pulpit

nor Westminster Abbey was the place for airing the private opinions of an individual." The Bishop, in somewhat curious phraseology, advised Churchmen not to "throw over their Apostolic succession." In his own diocese the consequence of such a step would be to alienate a large number of the clergy and many of the chief laymen.

The congregation of Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, have resolved to erect a memorial to Dr. Newman Hall. It will take the form of a marble tablet and a medallion bearing Dr. Hall's profile. Mr. Meyer, the present pastor, enters next month on his important international mission tour. He will be absent until April 1903, and will visit Germany, Denmark, the United States, and Jamaica.

Among leading Nonconformists who are already holiday-making is Principal Fairbairn, who is golfing at Lossiemouth. Dr. Fairbairn spends six weeks in Scotland nearly every summer, and is a well-known figure on the links at Stonehaven. The Rev. J. H. Shakespeare is resting in Switzerland.

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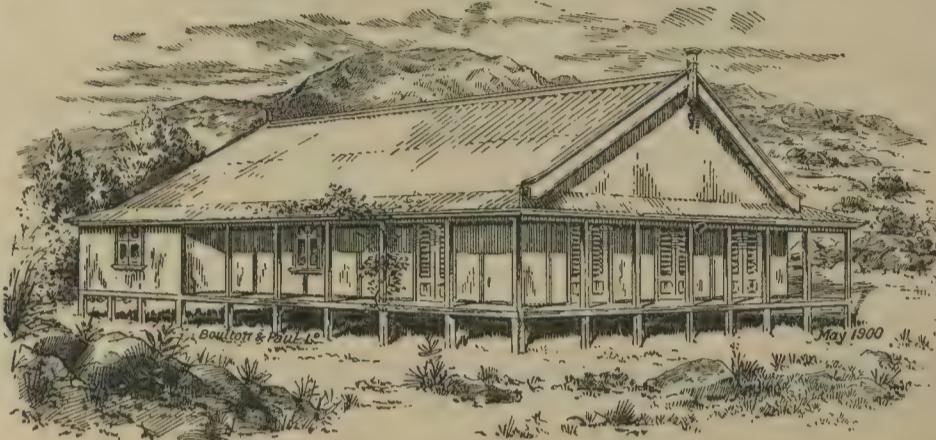
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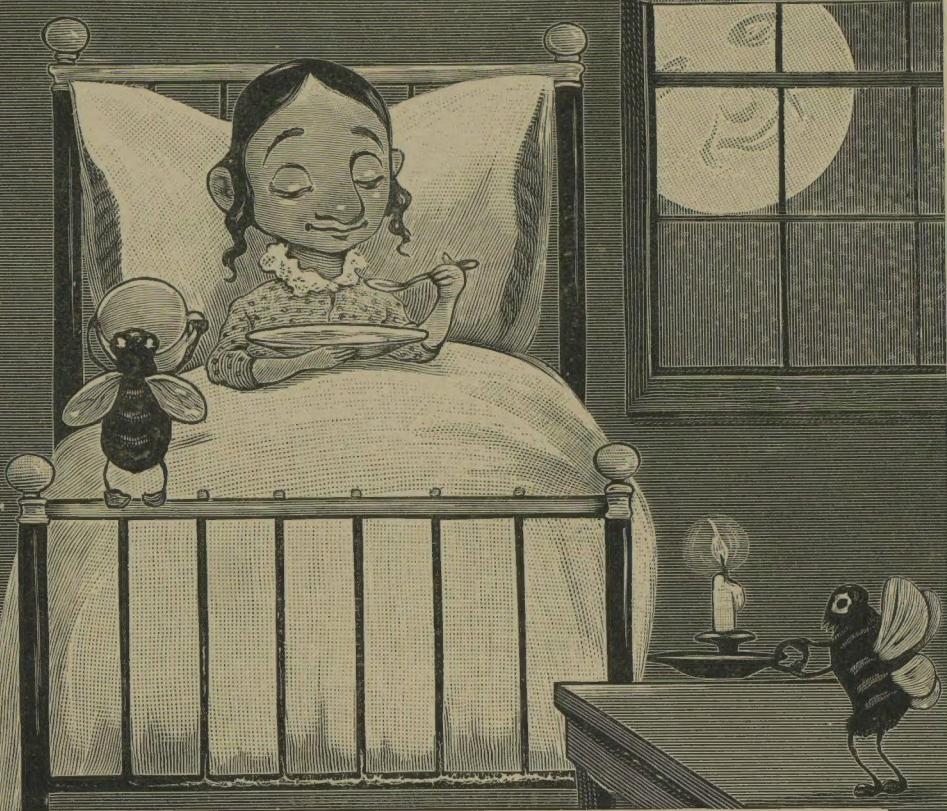
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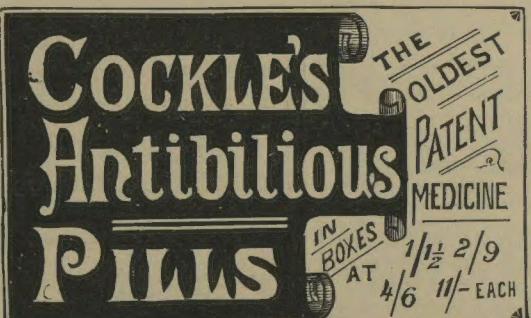
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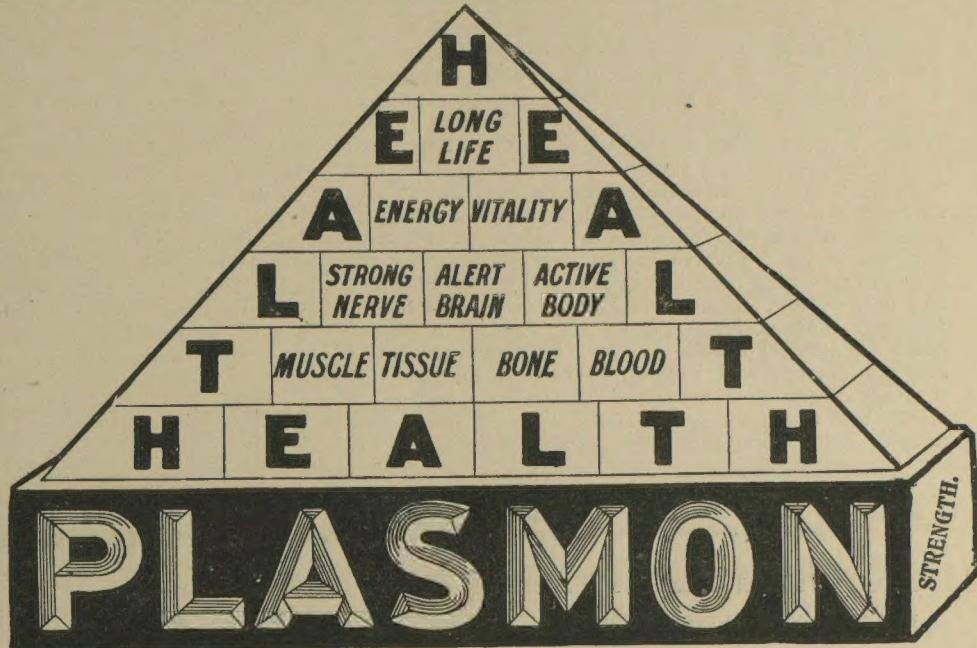
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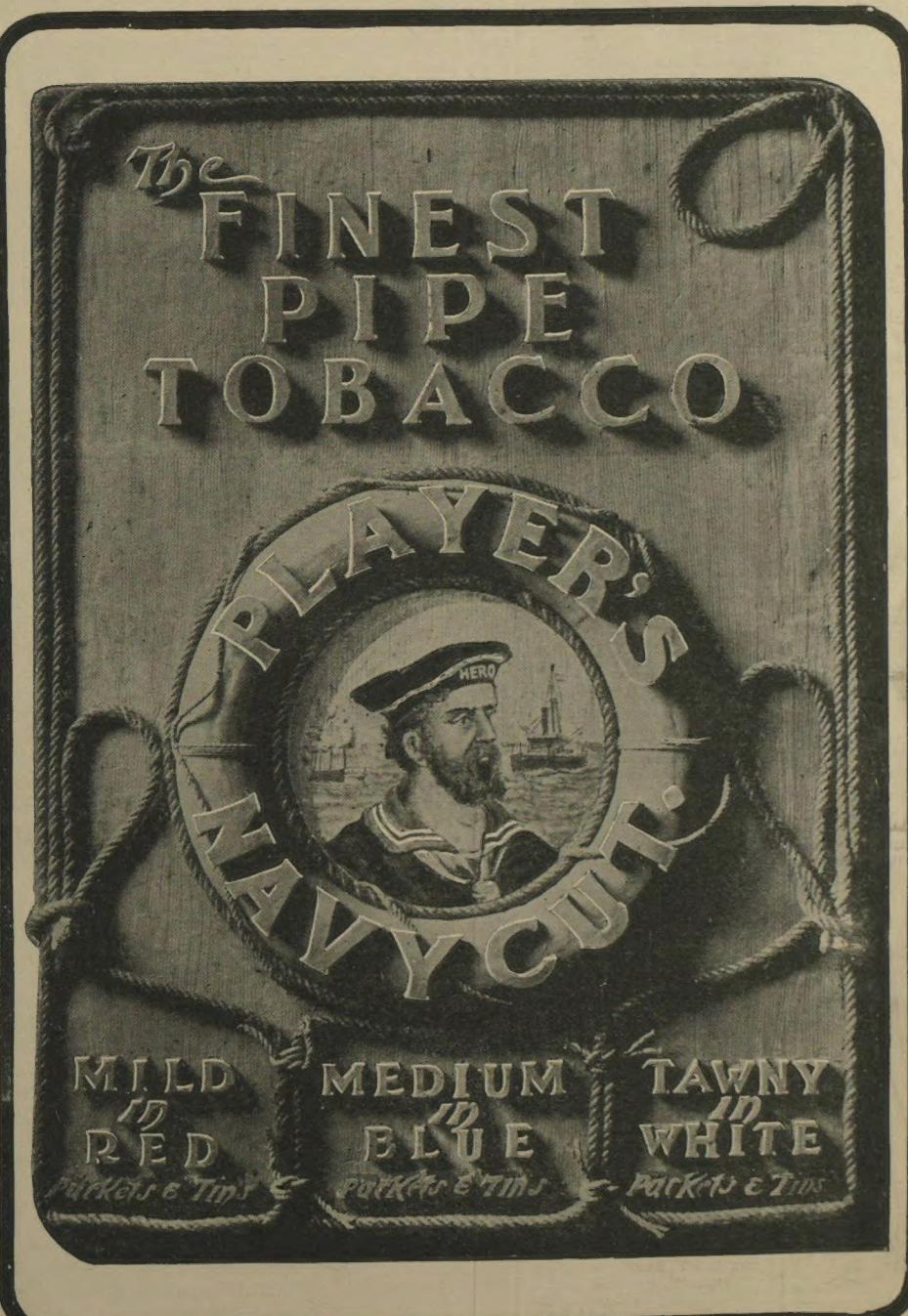
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## MUSIC.

## "DER WALD," AT COVENT GARDEN.

The remarkable operatic work "Der Wald," produced a few months ago in Berlin amid a curious conflict of enthusiasm and coldness, came into its own at Covent Garden on the evening of July 18, when the composition was heard for the first time in England. Curiosity had been on tiptoe over the performance, for both the libretto and music were from the pen of a woman—an Englishwoman—Miss E. M. Smyth. In painting and poetry our countrywomen have already proved themselves able to cope with men, but in music their development has been slower. From "Der Wald," however, it is apparent that at length a woman has set a strong hand to musical score. Wagner is undeniably Miss Smyth's master, and it may be that in his peculiar province he left little to be discovered, but there must always remain certain particulars of mode and form to be refined upon and given individual expression.

This, we take it, is the key to Miss Smyth's position, for the present at least, in music. The scene of "Der Wald" opens upon the primeval forest. Nymphs are sacrificing to Pan, while a spirit chorus floats through the trees. Suddenly the immortals give place to mortals, and the tragedy of Iolanthe's wild love for the peasant Heinrich, who dies rather than dishonour himself for her sake, is played out in swift emotional passages. At the close the eternal tranquillity of the forest is again manifested. The music is as highly dramatic and imaginative as the story. Under Herr Lohse's baton Fräulein Fremstad, Frau Lohse, and Messrs. Bispham, Pennarini, Klopfer, Blass, Simon, and Rea, interpreted the work with the skill it deserved. The composer was called again and again, while the conductor and Mr. Neilson, the stage manager, were also publicly acknowledged.

## CONCERTS.

M. Kubelik gave his last concert for this season at the St. James's Hall on Saturday afternoon, July 19, and

received his usual ovation. He began the concert with a duet for the violin and pianoforte, a sonata in C minor of Grieg, in which Miss Katharine Goodson played the piano part. The combination of players was excellent. As a solo, M. Kubelik played an unaccompanied Ciaccona of Bach and two compositions of Ries, "Gondoliera" and "Perpetuum Mobile," which won an encore.

A delightful Charity Concert was given at the Bechstein Hall on Tuesday, July 15, when a varied programme was satisfactorily carried through. The pupils of Mrs. Metcalfe, little children, played exceedingly well a bright little polonaise of Schmidt, arranged as a quartette for two pianos; while two very young pupils, Miss G. Vaughan and Miss M. Weekes, played with startling brilliancy a duet for two pianos, Raff's "Tarantelle." Miss Hollander sang an "Ave Maria" of Mascheroni, which does not suit her voice so well as many of her selected songs, and as an encore gave a melancholy song of Mr. Bethune.

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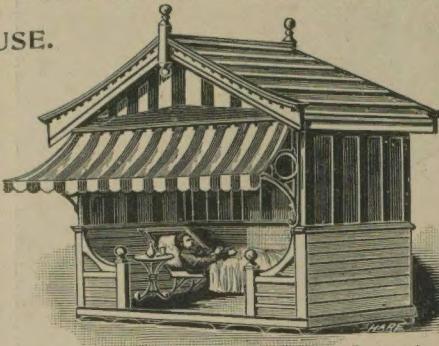
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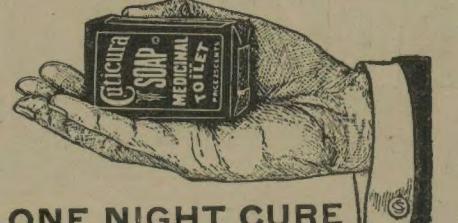
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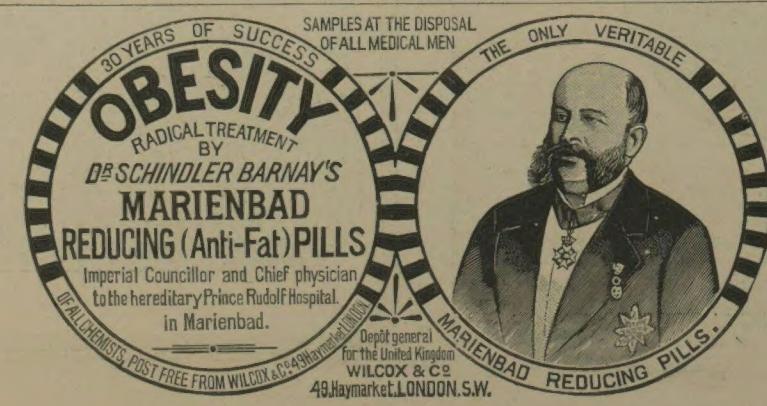
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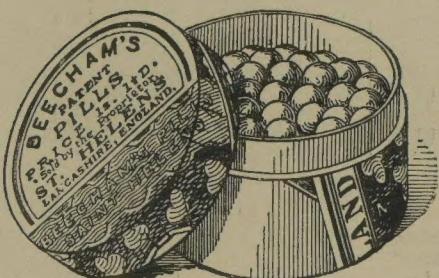


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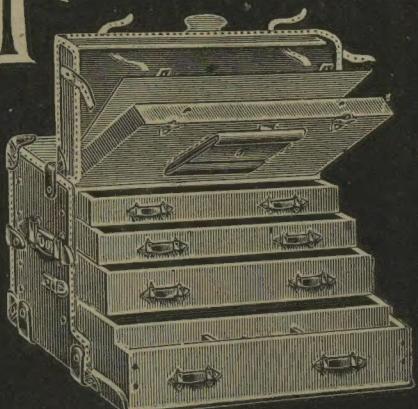
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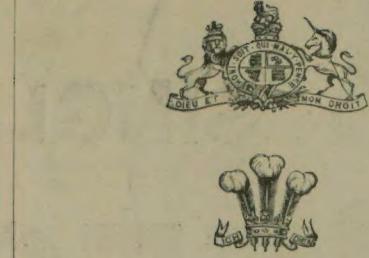
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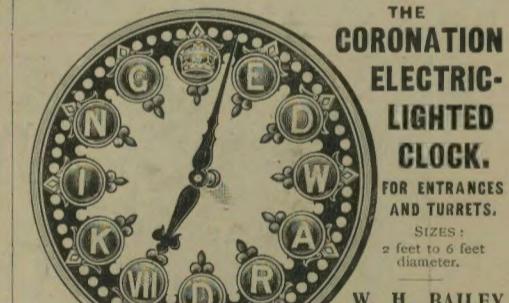
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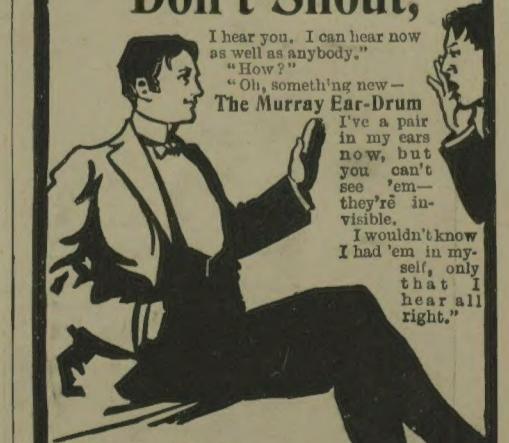
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